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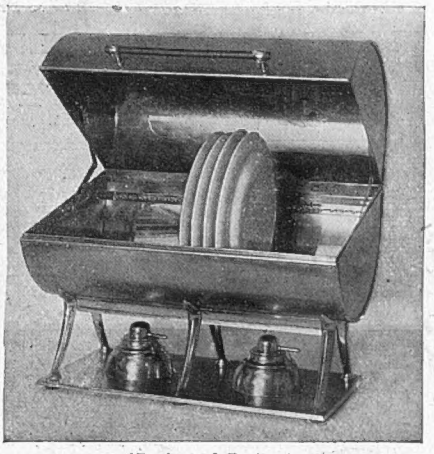

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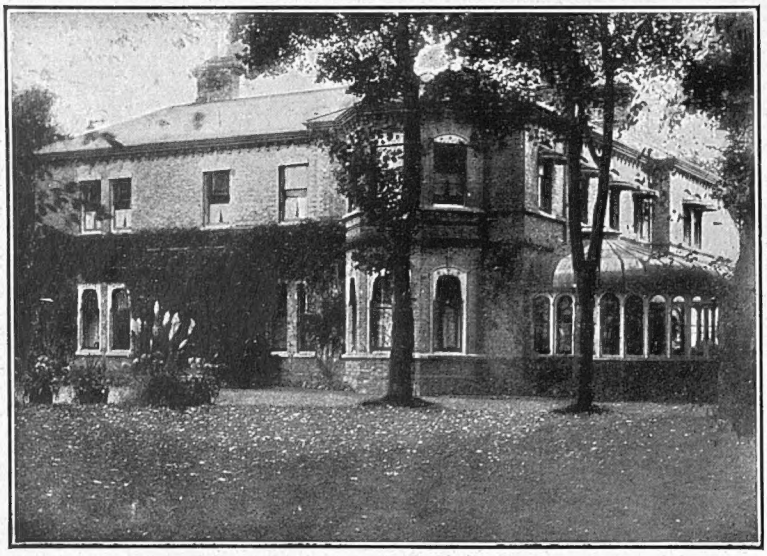

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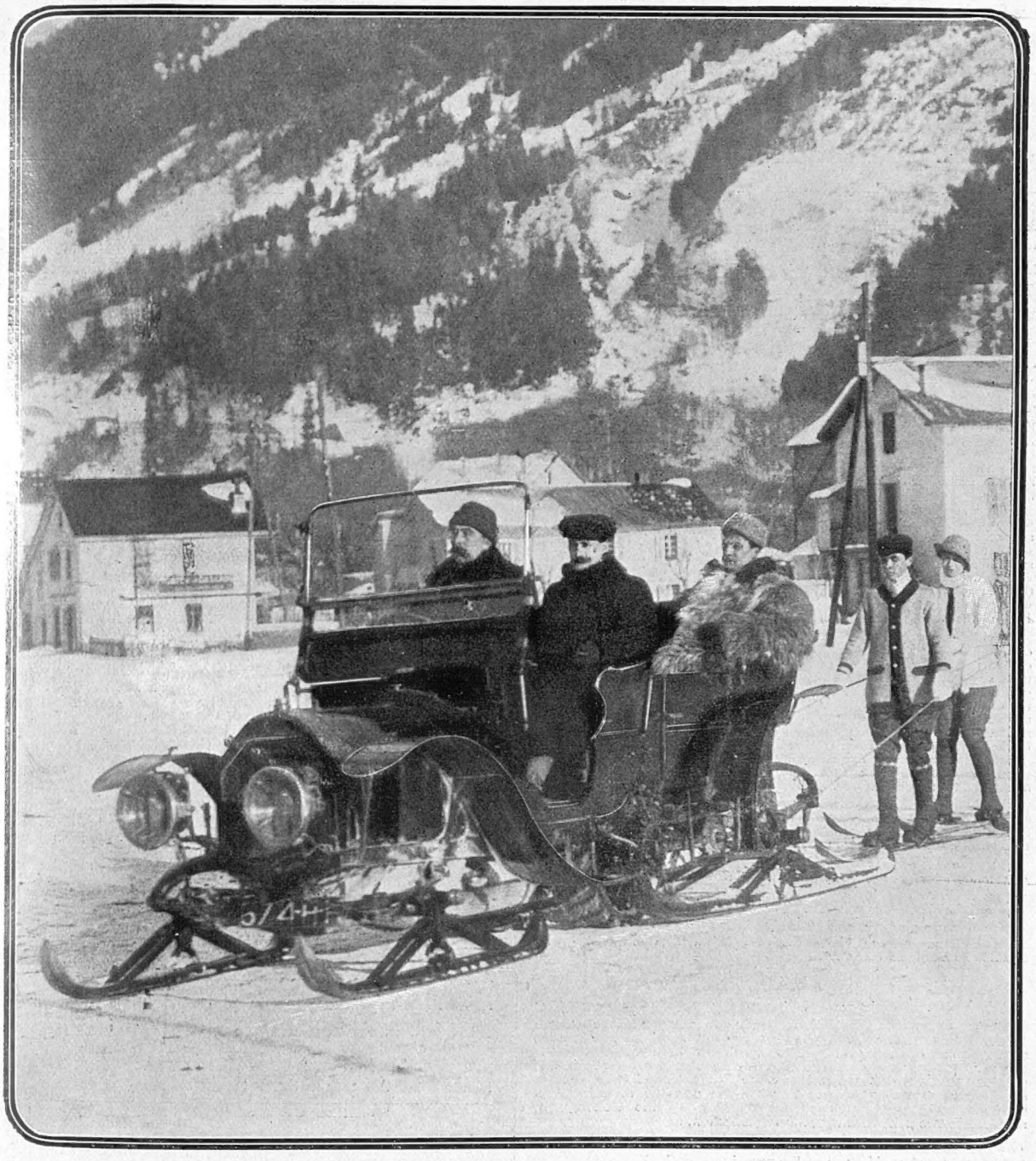

A THOROUGHLY PRACTICABLE MOTOR-SLEIGH

The automobile-sleigh of Lieutenant de la Besse has been submitted by its inventor to the Committee of Winter Sports in Chamonix. The examination made by this eminent Commission, competent to judge on all points concerning snow-travel, was thorough, both on the technical and practical side. The trial was quite successful, and we shall, no doubt, before long be able to motor from Calais to the Alps—and over them!

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EMPIRE. CORONATION REVUE, "BY GEORGE!" "SHIP AHOY," LYDIA KYASHT, Fred Farren. FOX-HUNTING ON THE BIOSCOPE and Varieties. EVERY EVENING, at 8.

DALY'S THEATRE, Every Evening, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production of "A WALTZ DREAM." New Libretto by BASIL HOOD. Music by OSCAR STRAUS. Mat., Sats., at 2.

WYNDHAM'S. TO-MORROW (THURSDAY), at 8. FRANK CURZON and GERALD du MAURIER will produce a new play in four acts, entitled "MR. JARVIS," by LEON M. LION and MALCOLM CHERRY. First Matinée, Wednesday, February 22, at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES'. EVERY EVENING, at 8.45. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY in "INCONSTANT GEORGE." Preceded at 8.10 by "The Portrait." Matinées, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.

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IN THIS WINTER WEATHER.

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Pray Help THE CHURCH ARMY to relieve their necessities by means of work.

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CHATS ON OLD PEWTER. By H. J. Massie. (Fisher Unwin: 5s. net.)
THE ESSENCE OF LIFE. By Evelyn Alexander. (Long: 6s.)
THE IMPERFECT BRANCH. By R. Lluellyn. (Secker: 6s.)
THE AEROPLANE. By H. L. Turner. (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net.)
TURNER. By J. E. Phythian. (Grant Richards: 2s. net.)
THE GARLAND OF CHILDHOOD. By Percy Withers. (Grant Richards: 4s. net.)
THE CRESCENT MOON. By W. P. Dodge. (Long: 1s. 6d.)
OPEN SPACES. By Irven. (Long: 3s. 6d. net.)
PASSERS-BY. By A. Partridge. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
A FAIR HOUSE. By H. de Sélincourt. (Lane: 6s.)
NINE AND THREE. By Robert Overton. (Dean: 1s. net.)
BUSTER BROWN. (Dean: 3s. 6d.)
THE BOY'S LIFE OF GREATHEART LINCOLN. By W. F. Aitken. (Partridge: 2s. 6d.)
THE BOY BONDSMAN. By K. Carr. (Partridge: 5s.)
LITTLE JENNY JARROLD. By S. G. Arnold. (Melrose: 5s. net.)
THE GAME OF LIFE. By Effie A. Rowlands. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
MARTIN, THE MUMMER. By Dorothy M. Stuart. (Constable: 6s.)
THE OPIUM SMUGGLERS. By H. Bindloss. (Fisher Unwin: 5s.)
THE GOLD-SEEKERS. By R. M. MacDonald. (Fisher Unwin: 5s.)
THE MAN OF THE FORTY FACES. By T. W. Hanshew. (Cassell: 3s. 6d.)
SYLVIA'S LOVERS. By Mrs. Gaskell. (Bell and Sons: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. (Heinemann: 10s. 6d. net.)
ALICE IN WONDERLAND. By L. Carroll. (Tuck and Sons: 3s. 6d. net.)
REASONS BELIEF. By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net.)
FAITH, UNFAITHFUL. By A. R. Weekes. (Melrose: 6s.)
A DREAMER'S TRAGEDY. By O. Stranger. (Greening: 6s.)
BOHEMIAN BLOOD. By L. Lurgan. (Greening: 6s.)
REMINISCENCES OF ADMIRAL MONTAGU. By Admiral Hon. H. A. Montagu, C.B. (Arnold: 15s. net.)
THE UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL. By C. W. Domville-Fife. (Griffiths: 12s. 6d. net.)
SHADOWS OF OLD PARIS. By G. Duval. (Griffiths: 12s. 6d. net.)
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PEPPER AND CO. By Esther Enock. (Partridge: 2s.)

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Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: Marc Dormoy, 35, Rue Lafayette.

The World's Pageant

The Opening of Parliament: The State Coach Passing Through the Mall

King George, accompanied by Queen Mary, opened his first Parliament last Monday week, and received a greeting from the public which assured him of every loyal Britisher's sympathy in the trouble which he has recently undergone

Royalty

TWO Levées, one next Tuesday and another in the following week, are announced to be held by the King at St. James's Palace, and there will be a Court (diplomatic and official) probably before the end of the month. But there are at present no other Court fixtures announced, though Their Majesties are entertaining a good deal in a quiet way at Buckingham Palace.

Court Scandals

It was not, I understand, so much nervousness as the aftermath of the mental strain set up by the Mylius libel case that caused the Queen to look so pale and ill at ease at the Opening of Parliament. Her Majesty, it is well known, takes such serious matters very much to heart, and the many embarrassing discussions and decisions that had to be gone through before the case came to Court were not without effect on her state of mind.

The Empty School for Scandal

The present is the poorest time for scandal-mongers I ever recollect. No legend, no matter how old and discredited, seems to have a rat's chance of escape from the legal ferret. Gone is the Maltese marriage story that has been the club pet of twenty years. None so base as to do it reverence. Gone, now, at a blow from Lady Warwick, is the Tranby Croft allegation. And Harriet, for whom we found a good word the week before last, Harriet has gone to an asylum. . . .

Mr. Thomas and Lady Edina Ainsworth (née Conyngham) after their Wedding at Slane Castle

Congratulations to the happy pair on presenting a natural appearance to the camera, particularly the bridegroom, whose easy, even rakish attitude is in pleasant contrast to the stiff, self-consciousness of other young Benedicts of the season

Public Life for Ascetics

Deprecate as I do the circulation of false reports about celebrities, or of scandal from the back kitchen, I nevertheless shake my head. Is it *good* for the great ones of the earth that they should henceforth be uninteresting? Are the little whispers about their Pasts, which alone make dinner-parties possible, really as injurious as Counsel would have juries believe? Is not defamation one of the perquisites of Place? Is it any worse that the mention of the august name should be accompanied by twinkles than that it should be received with yawns or never be mentioned at all? A little judicious scandal has hedged around every truly great man and woman in history. The only people we don't remember are those of blameless life. "There's no smoke without fire," says the public. Would it not be as well to leave us something, at all events, to disbelieve?

The Queen Victoria Memorial

There are strange rumours afloat to the effect that the National Memorial to Queen Victoria in front of Buckingham Palace is to be unveiled, with full State ceremonial, on June 21! It *may* be true, of course, though we doubt it; and it *does* seem almost too good, doesn't it? And after all these years, too, one will feel really quite lost in one's walks across the Park to House or club without that ancient landmark, the artistic arrangement in scaffolding and sack-cloth, that has for so long graced the Royal end of the Mall, and the memory of which seems intertwined with days when one trundled one's hoop around, scowling meanwhile at one's nurse and the "sentry-go."

For Gardeners

In next week's issue seasonable advice will be offered at some length by Mr. H. C. Davidson on the timely topic of Spring Gardening.

The Baron's Guides

With the De Forest *v.* Gerard case, postponed until March, another basketful of linen will come on for judicial washing. Meanwhile, the Baron has, I hear, been at Murren, enjoying winter sports. One of his feats was the climbing, not of the Jungfrau, but of the Munck. The Baron took eight guides, which local critics thought unnecessary. "A cow," remarked one of those (a gentleman aggrieved against the Baron for the monopoly by him and his suite of the hotel's one bathroom), "a cow could do it safely with two." The Baroness de Forest winters at Grasse, on the Riviera.

Baron de Forest

FORTHCOMING CAUSE CÉLÈBRE

Baron de Forest's slander action against Lady Gerard has been postponed till March. He is married to Lord Gerard's sister

Lady Gerard

Photograph *Rita Martin*

The Unlucky Cabinet

The Cabinet, personally, seems lately to have enjoyed singularly bad luck, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Harcourt, and Mr. McKenna having been *hors de combat* during the Election, after the Election Mr. George has had to take to the Riviera, Sir Edward Grey loses his younger brother, and Lord Crewe has had, in the same week as the birth to Lady Crewe of a son and heir, his beautiful Town house damaged by fire. Of all these misfortunes the last is that which has aroused the deepest public emotion. The risk run by mother and child was great, and in any case the shock must seriously retard her ladyship's recovery. It is particularly unfortunate that Crewe House should be disqualified for entertainment this Coronation year, especially as Lady Crewe is one of the very few possible Liberal hostesses. It will take Lord Rosebery's daughter and son-in-law a long time to recover from this distressing occurrence, and if public sympathy will at all help them to do so, it is theirs in large measure.

Ominous Arms

The late Mr. George Grey would have succeeded to his brother's title, the Foreign Secretary being a widower and childless. It is pathetic to note, by the way, in view of the circumstances attending his death, that the Grey arms are a lion rampant.

For "Mr. Austen"

"Incurable sloppiness" was the Prime Minister's expression in regard to the statements of Tariff Reformers in general and Mr. Austen Chamberlain in particular. Until the ex-Chancellor learns to acquire the deadly accuracy of statement of which the present holder of the office is so great a master, he cannot hope to rival him in the esteem of precisians.

Caught Tripping

As Mr. Chamberlain's *faux pas* regarding Sir Wilfrid Laurier followed upon a *faux pas* in getting out of a cab, the Prime Minister might have let his opponent down a little more lightly. No doubt, the mistake was the result of insufficient preparation of his speech. Not often does "Mr. Austen" commit such errors. On the contrary, conscientiousness is one of his oratorical faults.

The Free Trade Majority

As for the Tariff Debate itself, its result was depressing. The Irish, instead of abstaining, voted for the Government, and the "Free Trade" majority, in the last Parliament only thirty-one, is, in this one, 102. If the Unionists had been (as THE BYSTANDER hoped they would) a little more civil to Mr. Redmond during the Election, this humiliation might have been spared them. If there is any hope for the future, it lies in the desperate chance that food *will* cost us more under the Canadian-American treaty. The country which wouldn't listen to Unionist Jeremiads, will listen, at all events, to our lamentations. With "I've Told You So" as our weapon, we should at last carve our weary way back to office.

Photograph *Lafayette*

The Late Earl Cawdor

Chairman of the Great Western Railway and one of the most influential "business" peers. He was present at the Veto Conference

Mr. Justice Grantham

Who has aroused much disapprobation by his comments in Court on the attack made on him some years ago in the House of Commons

Congratulation—and Commiseration

LORD AND LADY CREWE, DELIGHTED AT THE BIRTH OF AN HEIR, ARE DISTRESSED BY A FIRE AT THEIR RESIDENCE

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

The Countess of Crewe

A son was born to the Earl and Countess of Crewe on Tuesday evening last, being the first child of the marriage. Her ladyship is Lord Rosebery's second daughter

Photograph *Sport and General*

The Earl of Rosebery

Lady Crewe's father, who accompanied Lord Crewe to the burning house immediately the news reached him

Photograph *Lafayette*

The Earl of Crewe

Secretary of State for India and Government leader in the House of Lords. The present Lady Crewe, whom he married in 1899, is his second wife

CREWE HOUSE, CURZON STREET, W., SHOWING WRECKAGE AND DAMAGE CAUSED TO THE ROOF BY THE FIRE

In the small hours of last Friday morning a fire which broke out at Crewe House did considerable damage to the roof and front. Lady Crewe, who gave birth to a son on the preceding Tuesday was fortunately in a room situated in the left wing of the building, which is furthest removed from the portion attacked by the flames. Her ladyship was not unduly alarmed by the outbreak, and she did not suffer any severe shock. She was removed later in the day, together with her infant son, Lord Houghton, to Lord Rosebery's residence in Berkeley Square

His Majesty the King

Coursing and Its Followers

There is no question about the antiquity of coursing, and the big crowd which is certain to assemble on the Altcar plains this week for the Waterloo Cup will show the same enthusiasm for the sport as was felt by the ancient Greeks. Possibly its popularity in England is not so widespread as it was twenty years ago. The average townsman, for example, takes little interest in coursing, and it would probably considerably amaze him to see the excitement and keenness which a country meeting arouses for miles around. The Waterloo Cup holds the place with coursers that the Epsom Derby does with racegoers. The event has never lost its great attractiveness, and the hotels at Liverpool and places around will be crowded to excess during the next few days.

No Feather-Bed Sportsmen

I admire many coursers for the sheer hardihood they display in facing the roughest weather. When we go racing we have the advantage of excellent luncheon-rooms and "comfy" stands, from which we can view the sport in ease, no matter how fiercely the elements may be raging outside. But to follow the details of coursing you have to take your chance of encountering inclement conditions of the worst type. Nor is it easy always to obtain a fair view of what is going on, owing to the exasperating obstruction caused by people who will persist in getting in front of you. I am very glad to hear that Lord Sefton has arranged that at the Waterloo Cup this week no one, under any circumstances, will be allowed to encroach on the ground on which the coursing takes place. Those who hold privileged tickets will either have to stand over on the club side or with the crowd.

Notable People at the "Waterloo"

Lord Sefton is the most notable personality at the Waterloo Meeting. Not only does the coursing take place upon his property, but he gives a trophy to the winner of the premier event, and in other ways does a great deal to maintain the success and popularity of the fixture. The Countess of Sefton is equally fond of the sport, and is the only lady who holds a nomination in the Waterloo Cup. The members of the committee include the Duke of Leeds, who is exceedingly keen on the sport, and Sir Robert Buchanan Jardine, who has a strong kennel, and a few years ago produced an exceptionally fine puppy in Long Span.

Now and Then

It is sometimes asked whether the greyhounds of to-day are as good as the celebrities of former days. I take it that there cannot be a great deal of difference between them, though in recen

Her Majesty the Queen

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THEIR MAJESTIES IN THEIR ROBES OF STATE, TAKEN ON THE 6TH INST.

(Photographs by W. and D. Downey, London. Published by gracious permission of Their Majesties)

Autocrats of Altcar—Human and Canine

The Duke of Leeds

One of the staunchest supporters of the ancient sport of coursing

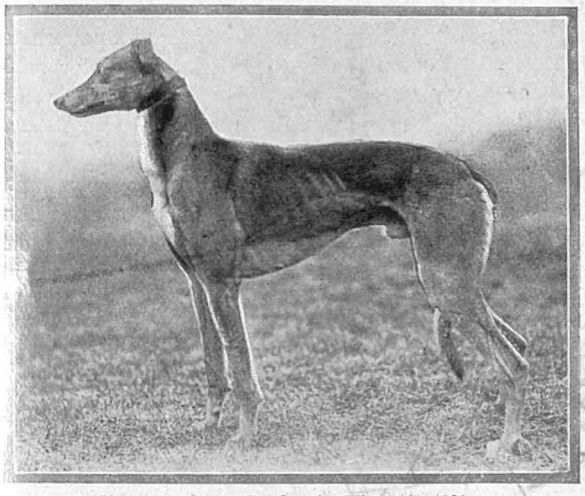
The Earl of Sefton

The Earl and Countess of Sefton are both enthusiasts. Lord Sefton is patron of this week's meeting, which is held over his property

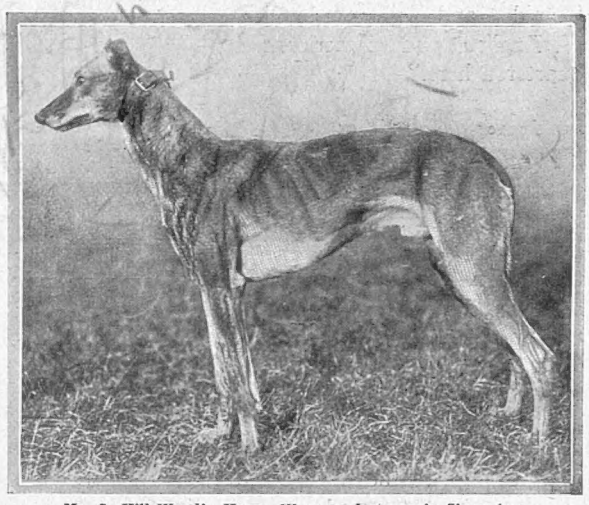
The Countess of Sefton

Sir Robert Buchanan Jardine, Bt.

Owner of Long Span, one of the best Waterloo Cup winners in recent years



Mr. J. E. Dennis's Dendraspis, Winner in 1909



Mr. S. Hill-Wood's Heavy Weapon, last year's Champion

Photographs

Mr. J. Hartley Bibby

Hon. Secretary of the Meeting, whose nomination in the premier event has been several times successful

Mr. G. F. Fawcett

A famous owner of greyhounds, always prominent at the Waterloo Meeting

Sport and General

Mr. H. Brocklebank

Of the Altcar Committee. The Duke of Leeds, Sir R. B. Jardine, and Mr. Fawcett are also members

THE WATERLOO CUP: THE CHIEF EVENT OF THE WEEK IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Although coursing may not be quite so popular as it was in the old days, it still has a very large following, and the annual contest for the Waterloo Cup is the culminating attraction of the season. It is held at Altcar, near Liverpool

years we have not had such superlatively brilliant dogs as Master McGrath and Fullerton were.

Sunshine and Snow

Just enough snow, at any rate, to pretend there was enough, and enough sun and blue sky to satisfy the most captious, has this year, apparently, been vouchsafed to all the Swiss winter resorts, and also to the French ones, about one of which—Chamonix—a contributor waxes enthusiastic on page 338. Further east, however, matters climatic have been far less satisfactory, and a correspondent writing from Algiers declares it to have rained there and blown chill winds all through the month of January, so that colds and neuritis are rife among the "staid and sober band of English and Americans quartered here."

In Morocco

From further west, however, to the south of Morocco come better accounts, and returned holiday-makers are enthusiastic about the wonderful things done by the French in opening up remarkable oases in the desert to such tourists as are content with modest living and do not mind some hard riding. Three hundred miles into the desert there is nearly always sun, with, in addition, the Sahara stretching in all its grandeur of brown vastness, broken and twisted hills and shattered rocks, while to the north rise the mighty Atlas Mountains, crowned with snow, and in between broad river valleys filled with palms and fields of green barley, and strange loopholed mud towns, their monotony relieved by innumerable white mosques and minarets.

Photograph *Ullyett*

Colonel Count Gleichen and Countess Gleichen Enjoying the Winter Sports at Wengen, Switzerland

Count Gleichen is an Equerry to the King and a very distinguished soldier. The Countess, before her marriage last year, was the Hon. Sylvia Edwardes, a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra

An Interesting Recital

Those who were present at the Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening last at Mrs. Chapman's recital were treated to a charming bouquet of dramatic intrepretation. The whole programme was rendered with great power and judgment, and her interpretation of Sidney Dobell's "How's My Boy?" and "Char 'em," from *Punch*, pronounced her to be an artist who not only has sympathy and emotional appreciation, but is possessed of talent singularly versatile and of the highest order.

Archduchess Isabel of Austria The Queen of Spain Prince Maurice of Battenberg

Queen Victoria of Spain Rides to Hounds

An interesting photograph taken at the annual Hunt Meet at Venta de la Rubia, Spain

En Secondes Noces

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MRS. CHAUNCEY, WHO WAS MARRIED ON FEBRUARY 4 TO THE HON. CECIL BINGHAM, C.V.O., SECOND SON OF THE EARL OF LUCAN

Both bride and bridegroom have been married previously. Mrs. Chauncey, who has been widowed for some years, is a daughter of the late Colonel Henry Montgomerie Carr, her sister being the wife of Lord Newborough. She is a very popular hostess, and was the introducer of "smart" parties for children. She has one little daughter. The bridegroom has been a widower since 1908. He has two sons in the Guards and one daughter

THE WAR AGAINST THE WHIPS

FOR a long time past opposition to the party system has taken the line that it was wrong that men should suppress their convictions because of blind allegiance to one or other political group. The men who have brought that home to us have done so not by getting into, but by getting out of, Parliament—to wit, the brothers Cecil, the Messrs. Bowles, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Belloc. To the anti-party agitation the pro-partisans have had some effective replies. They hold that the party system is all right in the long run, that if you did away with it you would have groups, which would be much worse.

That is a matter of opinion. Personally, if Ministers have, in order to keep their places, to pander, I don't see that they're worse off pandering to half a dozen parties than they are to—say—three, or even one. On the contrary, a Government that pleases many groups is probably a better concern than that which pleases one party. But that I will leave out of the question. They contend that it's a fine thing to have a large number of different types of men all suppressing their individual fads and foibles and uniting in one great cause. Well, that all depends on the cause.

Suppose one party unites to preserve the Monarchy, and the other is Republican. Suppose one is for the Empire and another against it, one for Free Trade, the other for Protection, and that the dividing line is clear and bold. No doubt, those who agree to favour the one must "toe the line." A Monarchist ought not to join the Republicans because he wants an additional coat of paint on one of his parish pumps, and a Free Trader ought not to join the Food Taxers because a lady in Belfast has lost her children and doesn't know where to find them. If the cause is worth fighting for, it's worth uniting for.

But what, in the name of goodness, are we divided about at the present moment that the members of the "Liberal" party should vote for everything the Government does, and the members of the "Unionist" party for everything that it doesn't do? Carefully as I could, I studied Mr. Balfour's and Mr. Asquith's speeches on the Address to know why I should, were I in Parliament, vote always for one and never for the other. Mr. Balfour, oozing with amiability, occupied the greater part of his time chaffing Mr. Winston Churchill for getting himself photographed at Sidney Street. Am I to vote for Mr. Balfour's party because Mr. Churchill "looked pleasant" once or twice during the hurly-burly of the battle, and appeared next day in the illustrated Press? Mr. Balfour said, on the Constitutional Question, that if the Government were sincere in their desire for a Second Chamber, there might be some chance of a settlement. I'm sure I hope so. That's what a Government exists for, to settle things. But why am I to vote against the Government that is trying to settle things in favour of the Opposition which is also trying to settle them?

The whole truth is that, at the present moment, there is no more real difference between a Liberal and a Conservative than there is between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. If there ever is any real difference, it's usually, I find, because the Conservative is far too advanced in his democratic ideas for the cautious Radical. Only this week I overheard a furious argument at the Reform, which nearly led to blows, between a Tory who favoured Home Rule and a Liberal who was dead against it, and the only thing that brought them together was the need to share the same cab to the House to be in time for a division on the very subject in question, in which the Liberal voted for and the Conservative against Home Rule!

If you ask each of these men why they vote diametrically against their innermost convictions, they reply, "The Party! The Cause!"

The Party, forsooth! The Cause, indeed! Have you read Hilaire Belloc's new book, *The Party Sys'em?* He tells you something about the Party and the Cause!

In the House there are not two parties, but one; in Power, there is not one Party, but two. He doesn't say that—perhaps he didn't think of it—but that is what he means. An organised imposture, he calls it.

In earlier days there *were* real party divisions, resultant upon the Civil War, on the French Revolution, and on Free Trade. To-day, the politicians come from one class, and the leader of the one side and the leader of the other are actually members of one set, whose relations are closely intermarried. At tea, dinner, and country-house parties they "arrange" the order of the sham fight—thus:

A.: "Of course, my fellows expect me to say this."

B.: "Oh, yes. And mine will expect me to say that."

A. and B. (*together*): "But it won't matter, anyway."

I remember once, when I was myself at the House, hearing a supporter of the Government make a quiet attack on a Minister. The Minister got up and dealt several staggering blows. A little later, the right hon. gentleman took the arm of his critic, and calling him by his Christian name, said, "I had to let out pretty hot, old fellow, or our people would say I was cornered, but, between you and me, what you said was perfectly true!"

Power, says Mr. Belloc, has passed into the hands of a Political Committee known as the Front Benches. "When its interests are at stake, it acts as one man: no difference of economic interest or of political principle any longer exists. Nevertheless, the party division continues. The governing group is divided arbitrarily into two teams, each of which is, by mutual understanding, entitled to its turn of office and emolument. That is the party system as it exists to-day, and by it the House of Commons has been rendered null, and the people impotent." Who is to bring to an end this state of affairs? Is it hopeless to ask M.P.'s themselves to take a hand and organise a revolt against the Whips?

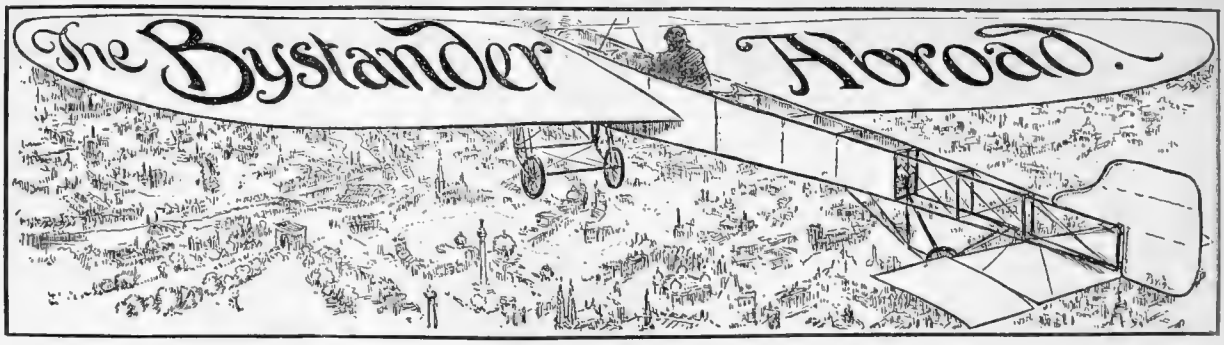
DOWNWRITER.

A Benediction on "Variety"

THE LATEST, AND MOST DISTINGUISHED, RECRUIT TO THE MUSIC-HALL

Camera Picture] MR. GRANVILLE BARKER [*E. O. Hoppé, F.R.P.S.*

It is not too much to say that the most distinguished recruit that the variety halls have ever enlisted is Mr. Granville Barker, now appearing at the Palace Theatre in a series of plays, "The Adventures of Anatol." Mr. Barker is not only a distinguished actor, but a truly great dramatist, and one of the finest stage producers in the world. His beautiful wife is known on the stage as Miss Lillah MacCarthy



AFTER THE ENTENTE—WHAT?

A Plea for a Reformed Foreign Policy. (By our Continental Correspondent)

WHEN one chess-player manœuvres an opponent into a hopeless position, the custom is for the latter to resign, and call for another game. Is not the present position of Great Britain on the European chessboard admittedly one of hopelessness? A "fluke" of sorts might change the chances. But Germany has cleverly covered herself against "flukes." Wherever one looks for a diversion, one is faced with the German pieces in a better position than our own. Is it not, therefore, time that we cried "halt" to the inglorious game which opened with the late King's gambit—the *entente* policy?

Provocative Austria: A Clever Russian Cartoon

Will this century see war between Germany and England? It will, according to the clever cartoonist of the brilliant, satirical Warsaw journal, *Mucha*, who considers that Germany will inevitably be brought to the attack by the incessant and mischievous pin-pricks of the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand of Austria when he becomes Emperor

What was our position before we opened it? Splendid isolation. What of a return to that rôle? It was ours before, and we did not play it so very badly. On the contrary, looking after ourselves, and leaving the European Powers to settle their own squabbles, enabled us to pursue a policy which consolidated our position in India, gave us Egypt, South and Central Africa. When a European embroilment, such as the Russian advance in 1877 upon Constantinople, threatened our individual interests, we were able to say "Stop," and, at the Conference Table, to enforce our words. Tied to nobody's coat-tails, we were free, and as we were also right, we were respected and supported.

Can we not free ourselves again?

The first step towards our freedom has been made by Russia herself, in sliding out of the Triple *Entente*. What of France? On no account should we allow our cordiality with the French people to suffer. But is it not possible to say to our neighbours: "Go your way. Your interests do not clash with ours, or ours with yours. You desire nothing that we hold; we desire nothing that you hold. Let us, therefore, be the best of friends, but go your way and let us go ours"?

What would be the issue of such a policy?

France might, perhaps, proceed either to seek another ally—perhaps Italy—to secure herself against unexpected attack by Germany or she would go to Germany with open hands and invite a frank and free discussion whereby a long-standing terror could be once for all abated. A Franco-German *entente* would be one of the finest possible openings for the new British game. At once, the whole *raison d'être* of European alliances, and consequent mammoth armaments, would go. The Alliances are based on Franco-German fear of each other. Remove that fear, and you disarm the antagonists. Germany would have, then, no longer need of close alliance with Austria; she has no fear of Russia single-handed.

But what of ourselves?

It will be asked whether to allow France to follow the Tsar to Potsdam would not be to release Germany to concentrate all her forces against Great Britain? That fear is the fruit of a root called Fallacy—the fallacy that Germany's policy is in any way whatsoever based upon enmity to Great Britain. That the German Navy has been built primarily to "deal with" Britain, I believe, but this is because of Britain's own policy in the past.

Let me look back for one moment.

When the Emperor William superseded Bismarck, he proclaimed the doctrine that "Germany's future lies on the water." He made a series of experiments

in *welt-politik*. One was the "holding-up" of Japan after her defeat of China in 1894. Another was the Kruger telegram. Then followed the Emperor's visit to Palestine as the guest of Abdul Hamid, the seizure of Kiao-Chau, the visit of Prince Henry to the Far East, the Bagdad Railway, the Venezuelan intervention, Morocco, and Persia.

What did these moves portend? In our sensitive imagination, every one of them was seen in the light of a covert attack upon Britain. Every time Germany went out, we caught cold. The result was that we regarded Germany as the Peril, and to stave it off, we arranged the Triple *Entente*, which has now collapsed. We now imagine ourselves to be, with France alone, faced with the imminence of German attack. If we continue to regard Germany as our natural enemy, probably Germany will get, in time, to believe it herself. But would it not be wiser, even at the eleventh hour, to ask ourselves whether, all these years, we have not been nursing a gantic delusion?

Was it not, when one looks into the most ural result of consolida- of the rman npire d the in- dation the ple Alliance, it the Kaiser's xt move should world-ward? Is t the world wide ough to allow rmany a share in affairs? Suppose she did lesire to impress ie Orientals near nd far with her "arrival"; suppose she did disapprove of the Jameson Raid (as did our own Government itself); suppose she did object to the parcelling up of Morocco and Persia by England and France and Russia without consulting her commercial interests; suppose she did desire railway concessions in Turkey and Asia. Are not all these desires eminently reasonable? Had we met Germany, from the first, as an honourable competitor, entitled to be considered, is there a single part of the world where her interests need have clashed with our own any more than do the interests of France, Russia, America, and Japan—Powers with all of whom we have friendly agreements? Why not a similar one with Germany here and now?

The time is ripe.

Let us first release France from any obligation to stand aloof from Germany, and simultaneously let us announce that, while we intend to defend our own interests wherever threatened, we are prepared to recognise Germany's right to pursue her policy wherever it does not clash with our own. If, in course of negotiation, we do find that she desires things we cannot grant, we shall have to reserve our rights, and, if necessary, to fight for them. That is what we did with France and Russia, and when it came to that, there was no fight. I sincerely believe that a similar policy pursued to-day towards Germany would make for permanent peace and friendship.

THE OLD TURK AND THE YOUNG. A POLITICAL NOTE BY CH. ATAMIAN

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

From Our Own Correspondent

NOTHING gives such a pleasant variety to Germany as the rivalry of the minor States. Most of them, like English poets, kick at the epithet "minor"; but you can walk across some of them before breakfast, and there is one part of Thuringia where a sturdy-legged walker can traverse six in a day. Yet all have their Sovereigns, heirs, over-ceremonymasters, national debts, and Court scandals; and, what is more to the point, all have a sanguinary, unassuageable hatred of their elder brother Prussia.

Yet, by the irony of German geography, they cannot get Prussia out of their sight. Some of the minor States, like Waldeck, Prussia surrounds entirely, and cuts off from all the world. Others, like Hesse, Prussia cuts into two isolated parts. A third class, like Anhalt, she not only surrounds, but also actually permeates, inasmuch as dotted about all over poor Anhalt's inside are tiny one-mile patches and even odd fields which obey Prussia's iron sway. Even in South Germany, when you imagine you are living happily far away from the detested Prussia, you suddenly find yourself in one of the bits of Prussia which sticks into Würtemberg. In fact, wherever you go you are never far away from a bit of Prussian territory. There are some (non-Prussian) Germans who seriously assure you that they can tell a Prussian *enclave* in another State by the ugliness of the landscape.

This is carrying the anti-Prussian prejudice pretty far; but, regrettable as it is, that is the sentiment of the average minor German State. The minor State sticks at nothing in its zeal to beat the Prussians. A few years ago, when the anti-Prussian feeling was at its height, a gentleman of Schaumburg-Lippe, which is the most insignificant State in the Empire, even called for a general boycott of the universal foe. From a study of the map, he discovered that Prussia owned no fewer than thirty-two patches of territory which were inset (like paste jewels, he said) in other States, and cut off from Prussia's main territories. Prussia ruled them through taxpayers, school inspectors, and other oppressors sent from Berlin; and this scum, said the angry Schaumburg-Lippean, daily passed through the minor States. He demanded, then, that the minor States should refuse the right of passage to the Prussian oppressors, and thus bring Prussia to her knees, and make her apologise for her brutal low-Dutch manners, etc., etc.

In private affairs, equally grave troubles ensue. In Brunswick there is a young man, the heir to considerable wealth, who is imprisoned on a little bit of territory, and can never leave it till the end of his days, unless he first sacrifices his patrimony. His name is Ebenstein; he is a minor, and he inherits his property from a grandfather who, as Hanoverian fought against the Prussians in 1866. Old Ebenstein never forgave the brutal Prussian, and in his will tied up his property with the condition that the tenant-for-life should never set foot on Prussian soil. But as Prussia surrounds Brunswick, Ebenstein can never get out of it without losing his money. What is worse, Prussia divides Brunswick into five isolated parts, all of which it surrounds; and young Ebenstein lives in one of the smallest parts, and cannot even visit Brunswick City without crossing Prussian soil, violating the will, and letting his money go to a remote, undeserving cousin.

The local papers suggest that Ebenstein will find salvation, and escape perpetual interment in Brunswick by buying an aeroplane, and flying across Prussian territory into some non-Prussian State. Master Ebenstein's friends retort with the question: What will happen if the aeroplane breaks down, and drops him into an abominable Prussian cornfield? The Berlin Bystander suggests that this is a chance for Englishmen to earn young Ebenstein's valuable gratitude by inventing for him a really reliable and Prussia-proof aeroplane motor.

The German Sailor: What Manner of Man is He?

It is interesting to scrutinise this group of typical German sailors, men of the *Gneisnau*, enjoying a "beer evening," in honour of the Crown Prince's visit, in Green's Restaurant, Bombay. Students of physiognomy may be able to tell from this picture whether the German sailor possesses the qualities likely to make, in action, the superior, or the inferior, of our Jack Tar

Rival Second Cities of the Fatherland

EACH REGARDED BY ITS INHABITANTS AS NEXT IN IMPORTANCE TO BERLIN

Dresden, from the Marienbrücke

Saxony's capital, world famous for its art treasures and the intellectual culture of its citizens, enjoys also much decorous commercial prosperity, and regards itself seriously as a close competitor with Hamburg and Munich in the race for business supremacy

Beauteous Brunswick

A picturesque panoramic view of the capital of the State associated with the "Black Brunswickers" of military and household fame

Stuttgart: The Market Place

The capital of Würtemberg may be likened to our own "Dukeries," so many and imposing are the seats of the mighty in its vicinity

Munich, from the Isar Bridge

Munich, the Bavarian capital, is in nowise behindhand in asserting its claims to superiority among German cities, and much of its far-famed beverage is nightly consumed when discussion on the absorbing topic waxes warm and guttural. The humours and intricacies and the "plum-pudding" nature of the map of The Fatherland are dealt with by THE BYSTANDER Berlin correspondent on the opposite page

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

LONDON is already far fuller than usual for the time of year, and more guests are expected weekly. Aliens in general should hear in time that under certain provocations the Metropolitan policeman is entitled to go to the station and get an old pattern revolver, with which he is very inexpert.

* * *

Anyone, therefore, who looks like a Lett should try and get the following sentences properly accented if he means to use them:

1. "I wish to go to the Breetish Musée. Which road, plis?"
2. "I ask you the time, what is it?"
3. "I will to see Lloy-Georges. Where I find 'im?"

No other questions should be risked with the much-worried Force. It is no good throwing away valuable lives.

* * *

Columbus's route across the Atlantic is to be followed by the new German dirigible, which has been named "Suchard," after the well-known chocolate firm. I forget for the moment which firm Columbus named his ship after.

* * *

What a pity English aviation is so behind that of other countries! We might have been looking forward to seeing "Cadbury" start on Captain Cook's last voyage.

* * *

Dr. Leo Frobenius, who claims to have discovered in Southern Nigeria the remains of the mythical Atlantis, is annoyed because he has not been allowed to carry away his discoveries with him. English officials there seem to have taken the heartless view that, willing as they are for the Doctor himself to leave, they cannot assist him to carry away a mythical city.

* * *

An eminent electrician has put in a plea lately for what he calls an All-Electric Age. It would be great fun. I have often longed for an electric booking-office clerk; and how pleasant for a schoolboy to be flogged by electricity.

* * *

The Kaiser is stated to have refused the Prussian Pour le Mérite Order to M. Rodin, the celebrated French sculptor, because he considers Rodin's art revolutionary, and "Le Penseur" the climax of it. Certainly it was at least thoughtless of M. Rodin to have named his masterpiece "Le Penseur," when, as a matter of fact, it bore no likeness whatever to the Kaiser.

* * *

A number of Paris law students have decided to rag one of their professors, M. Wahl, until he resigns, their decision being due to the fact that his elocution is faulty. Perhaps M. Wahl would be well advised to enter the Church?

* * *

Writing on the subject of libraries, an Englishman declares that "the best of reprints is but the pale reflection of its original." I have myself often wondered when I was reading the ninetieth edition of a popular novel whether it could really be the book everybody was talking about.

Parson: "I was sorry I was not with your poor father to hear his last words"

Small Boy: "'E didn't 'ave no last words. 'Mother was with 'im all the time"

By Thomas Downey

* * *

Should long-distance trains be fitted with wireless telephony? *Electric Industries* says, "No, because passengers rarely want to send a telephone message from a train, and the practical value of the railphone is not clear." But what pleasure on some lines to be able to 'phone to the engine-driver, "Twenty minutes late. Try burning some coal."

* * *

Many people would like to be able to ring up the guard, too. "Hullo! Are you there? Yes. I am in first smoking compartment. Can you remove two women and three infants? Coming? Thank you." This sort of conversation would be helpful.

* * *

I don't know that one wants to 'phone off the train much. There would be no particular satisfaction in saying to one's friends, "Yes, am sitting in usual draught. Person opposite will talk. Bag likely to come down on head presently. Comfortable? No. Beastly draught, I tell you. Confounded Socialist opposite will talk. Infernal bag on rack likely to fall on———. Damn!" Better just to sit and brood and let off steam later.

Alien Types in London

No. IV.—SAFFRON HILL (LITTLE ITALY)

BY NORMAN MORROW

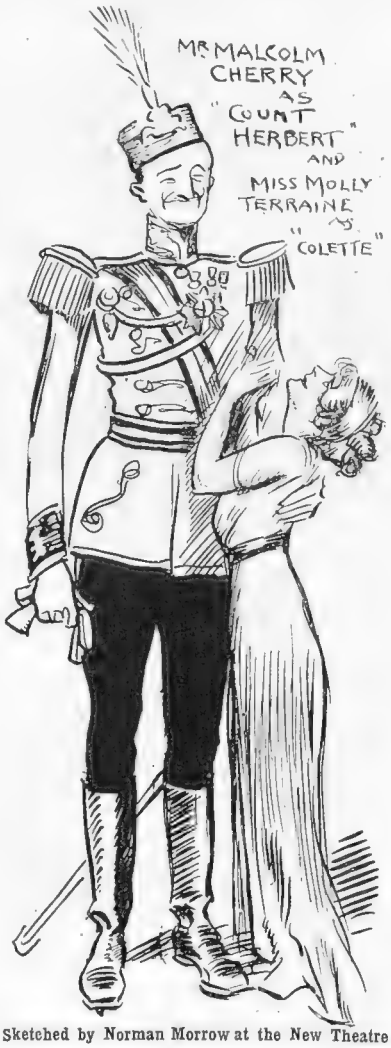
London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE POPINJAY" AT THE NEW THEATRE

"THE Popinjay" is the name given to King Christian II., ex-ruler of Carpathia, who has just been driven from his throne by his unappreciative subjects. The text of the play is that the King can do no wrong, though Christian's failure in this respect must be attributed to no fault of his own. He is a man of quite dissolute habits, and his general behaviour is that of a middle-class "waster" rather than that of a responsible monarch. The character is quite a new one to me (I have so little opportunity of mixing in Royal circles), but it affords Mr. Fred Terry an excuse for some of the best acting he has done. What Christian lacks in the way of nobility and—it must be admitted—common decency is, however, amply compensated for by the very correct attitude of his Queen, a part played with fitting majesty and magnificence by Miss Julia Neilson.

We first see the Royal exiles at their residence in Paris. There is King Christian in a travelling suit, and after him arrive Queen Frederique and Prince Zara, the heir-apparent. Christian's real character comes out within a few minutes after his arrival. A handsome lady, the wife of a not very reputable financier, is presented to him, and his ex-Majesty loses no time whatever in making it clear to her that if he calls at her house his business will be, not with her husband, but with herself. A little later on another lady is introduced, and Christian's manner distinctly implies that he will be happy to make love to her as soon as he has ticked the other candidates off his list. All this while Queen Frederique is endeavouring to impress upon Christian the desirability of preserving the best traditions of Royalty, even in exile, and is making arrangements for the education of her son in a manner befitting real kingship.



Sketched by Norman Morrow at the New Theatre

Christian does not bother overmuch about his lost throne. He finds himself in Paris as a private person, and his first idea is to "do" the place thoroughly—a privilege that was denied to him when he was burdened by the cares of State. As luck will have it, the new Carpathian Government has just sent a message offering to pay Christian the very nice round sum of eight million pounds sterling if he will agree to renounce the throne of Carpathia for himself and his heirs for ever. Christian jumps at the offer. Even in Paris, eight million pounds can't be spent all at once; and he sees a good time ahead for himself and his lady friends while the money lasts. Queen Frederique very rightly does not look upon the matter in the same light. As he is not a man who can be profitably argued with, she simply refuses to allow him to sign away the birthright of his son, and she dictates an uncompromising refusal of the Government's terms on the spot. Christian shrugs his shoulders at this shocking ignorance of the value of money, and promptly arranges for an evening out with his aide-de-camp, who will, it is understood, be ready to pay all expenses as a mere matter of loyalty and devotion.

The ex-King's degradation is emphasised rather painfully on the following day. A deputation of loyal Carpathians comes to his house to implore him to keep his pecker up, and to offer him other kind words of encouragement. The King has appointed a certain hour for the assembly of his faithful subjects in front of the house, so that they may be addressed from the balcony. When the hour arrives, however, his ex-Majesty is not on the premises. Queen Frederique is confident that Christian will be there in a moment, and she puts Prince Zara up to say a few words for the purpose of gaining time. Still Christian does not turn up, and the suspense becomes quite exciting. All at once an unsteady hand appears in the doorway, and Christian totters into the room,

Nothing New at the New

Sketches by Norman Morrow of a play which supplies exactly what we have a right to expect from Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson

still wearing the evening dress of the night before. He indulges in a bibulous smile at finding that he can still keep his legs provided they will let him hold on to something, and he explains to us as he staggers towards the nearest couch that he has got an appointment to keep and can't remember what it is. Then he sinks down and goes to sleep. Queen Frederique hurries up to him and shakes him into something like wakefulness, and then points out in a stern voice that his loyal people are waiting in the street below for a few cheery words in response to their own. Light comes to Christian in a minute. He staggers to his feet and assures the Queen in his blandest manner that that will be quite all right. He perfectly understands. If they want him to make a speech, he will make one with pleasure. The Queen watches him with a look of disgust as he totters towards the balcony, and then she does the only thing that a poor helpless woman could be expected to do under the circumstances. She pushes him off his feet with a single shove, and then she goes to the balcony and explains that owing to sudden indisposition His Majesty, etc., etc., etc. Mr. Terry's acting in this painful scene is admirable. He contrives to soften down the rough edges of the very delicate situation, and he ends by making the occurrence rather amusing, if anything.

After that, Christian goes from bad to worse. He pawns the jewels from the Royal crown (which he had thoughtfully brought with him from Carpathia in his hat-box); and he sells Orders to the most undeserving people for cash payments. Finally, being still much in need of money, he proposes to have another try for those eight millions sterling without revealing his intentions to his Queen. This leads up to the tremendous *dénouement* in the third act. The Queen finds Christian out just in time, and prepares another document by which Christian is to agree to abdicate in favour of his son. When Christian is asked to destroy his own agreement, and to sign that prepared by the Queen, he declines absolutely to do anything so silly. Thereupon Frederique, taking her young and lovely son in her arms, walks to the window and says that if Christian will not sign as required she will jump out with the boy and become an unrecognisable mass on the pavement below, or words to that effect. This is, of course, more than Christian bargained for, and he signs accordingly; while the Queen has hysterics of joy on the window-sill, and the curtain falls to loud and prolonged cheering. A good deal of the play is devoted to the schemes of a gang of shady financiers, who endeavour to keep Christian in Paris by holding out an attractive woman as a bait. It is this gang which has persuaded him to apply for those eight millions, so that they may have the spending of them. As one of the financiers points out, he has already advanced two hundred and forty thousand pounds, and that, consequently, with the interest added to date, the loan already amounts to a million in itself, according to moneylenders' arithmetic. Mr. Frederick Groves gives quite an admirable study of one of these financiers, rough, uncouth, and merciless. It is one of the most accurate examples of stage characterisation I remember to have seen. The last scene is a pretty little splash of splendour, with many touches of homely sentiment calculated to appeal to the ladies; and on the whole it seems to me that Miss Neilson and Mr. Terry have every reason to be satisfied with their latest venture. JINGLE.

Mr. Granville Barker Miss Gertrude Robins Mr. Nigel Playfair

"Ask No Questions and You Will Hear No Stories" at the Palace Theatre

Mr. Granville Barker is presenting a series of plays by Arthur Schnitzler, a clever Viennese dramatist, at the Palace Theatre. The general title is "The Adventures of Anatol." Anatol is a wealthy, idle young bachelor of Vienna. The first of his adventures bears the title given above. It is a humorous trifle in which Anatol mesmerises his mistress in order to ask questions as to her fidelity. A question as to the lady's age results in the discovery that she is twenty-three and not nineteen. It was ever so

"By George!" By George

GROSSMITH, JUN., ACTOR, AUTHOR, AND MAN IN TOWN

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HAROLD H. SMITH

Mr. Grossmith is a busy man just now. He is the author of the new Empire Review, "By George," and the new Gaiety musical play, in the latter of which he will, of course, appear. His engagement at the Palace Theatre with Mr. Edmund Payne has been a huge success, these two comedians' songs and dances being exactly to the taste of the Palace patrons

GOSSIP FROM THE RIVIERA

DOINGS AT MENTONE, MONTE CARLO, AND CANNES. BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

MENTONE, the once dull and now the gay, with its Casino—and soon Casinos—its club, its fine hotels, and its lively visitors, has been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its annexation to France with great doings. There were a review of troops, a firework display, fêtes at the Casino, a torchlight procession, and last, but not least, a visit from that plucky aviator, Legagneux, who flew over specially from Nice and circled over the heads of the delighted Mentonnais, many of whom had never seen an aeroplane before. Mentone is having a capital season, and quite a lot of well-known people are stopping there, including Lord Anglesey and Lord Victor Paget, though I fear that the two brothers are more often to be seen in the Principality of Monaco than in the fair land of France!

Mme. Marthe Regnier at Monte Carlo
This famous actress has just made her début in opera

Monte is very busy now, and one is hard put to it to keep up with all that is going on. With the new rooms and the old and the Sporting Club, one can gamble the clock round, and with concerts in the new Salle Garnier and the Sporting Club, there is music pretty well all day long. Then there's the pigeon-shooting for those who like that kind of "sport," there are tennis tournaments nearly every day, and there is the inevitable stroll on the terrace. And then, of course, there are the luncheons and the teas, the dinners and the suppers at the Paris, the Métropole, and Ciro's. The Métropole is particularly popular with those who give big teas, for its rooms are very spacious and light. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson gave a tea to a hundred and fifty people there the other afternoon. Well-known faces seen at Monte of late include those of Lord and Lady Cavan, Mr. Lionel Brassey, Lord Lanesborough, Prince Frederick Dhuleep-Singh, Lord and Lady Egerton of Tatton, Lord Faber, Mr. Frank Rendle, of Covent Garden fame, and those well-known French dramatic authors, M. de Croisset and M. Wolff.

Lord Anglesey at Monte Carlo
He has been staying at the Winter Palace at Mentone with his brother, Lord Victor Paget

The tennis season has begun, and they are hard at it with International tournaments at the clubs all along the coast from San Remo to Cannes. Nearly all the big "cracks" are playing, so that spectators have plenty for their money. The same remark applies to the polo at Cannes, which grows in popularity every year. The new Carlton Hotel at Cannes has been "inaugurated" with a couple of teas, to which all that is most smart was bidden. Everyone was delighted with the hotel, where quite a number of well-known people are staying, including Lord and Lady Kinnoull and Mrs. Hall Walker. Mr. Balfour dined there one night with Lord and Lady Cadogan, but his favourite restaurant was the Casino, whose *chef* he personally congratulated before leaving. Rumour also has it that the Leader of the Opposition indulged in a small game of baccarat, though he left the duty of "taking the cards" to a well-known peer. Louise, Duchess of Devonshire is still at Cannes, and, I am sorry to say, under medical treatment. But the latest news is that she is making good progress. Lord Charles Montagu is still with her. The Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby have returned to Cannes this season, after all, and are constantly on the links. The Grand Duke will miss the Union Club.

Another interesting début was made at Monte Carlo when Mme. Edith de Lys, an American discovery of *ce diable d'homme*, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, who is credited with having persuaded Mme. Regnier to desert the legitimate for opera, appeared in *La Tosca*, and delighted everyone with her voice and her quite remarkable dramatic power. M. Dangés made a very powerful Scarpia, and M. Campagnola, the tenor, sang the rather thankless rôle of Mario with much charm. Massenet's *Don Quichotte* is to be revived on February 16 with that great baritone, Chaliapin, again in the title-rôle. Altogether, the Monte Carlo Opera is fully maintaining its high reputation. The one objection visitors have to it is that it is so very difficult to get seats on a big night, for, of course, the Salle Garnier is anything but large. Perhaps, however, it might be possible to reduce the free list. After all, a visitor has as much right to a seat as a Monégasque official, for without the former there could be no opera at all!

An Object-Lesson for British Socialists

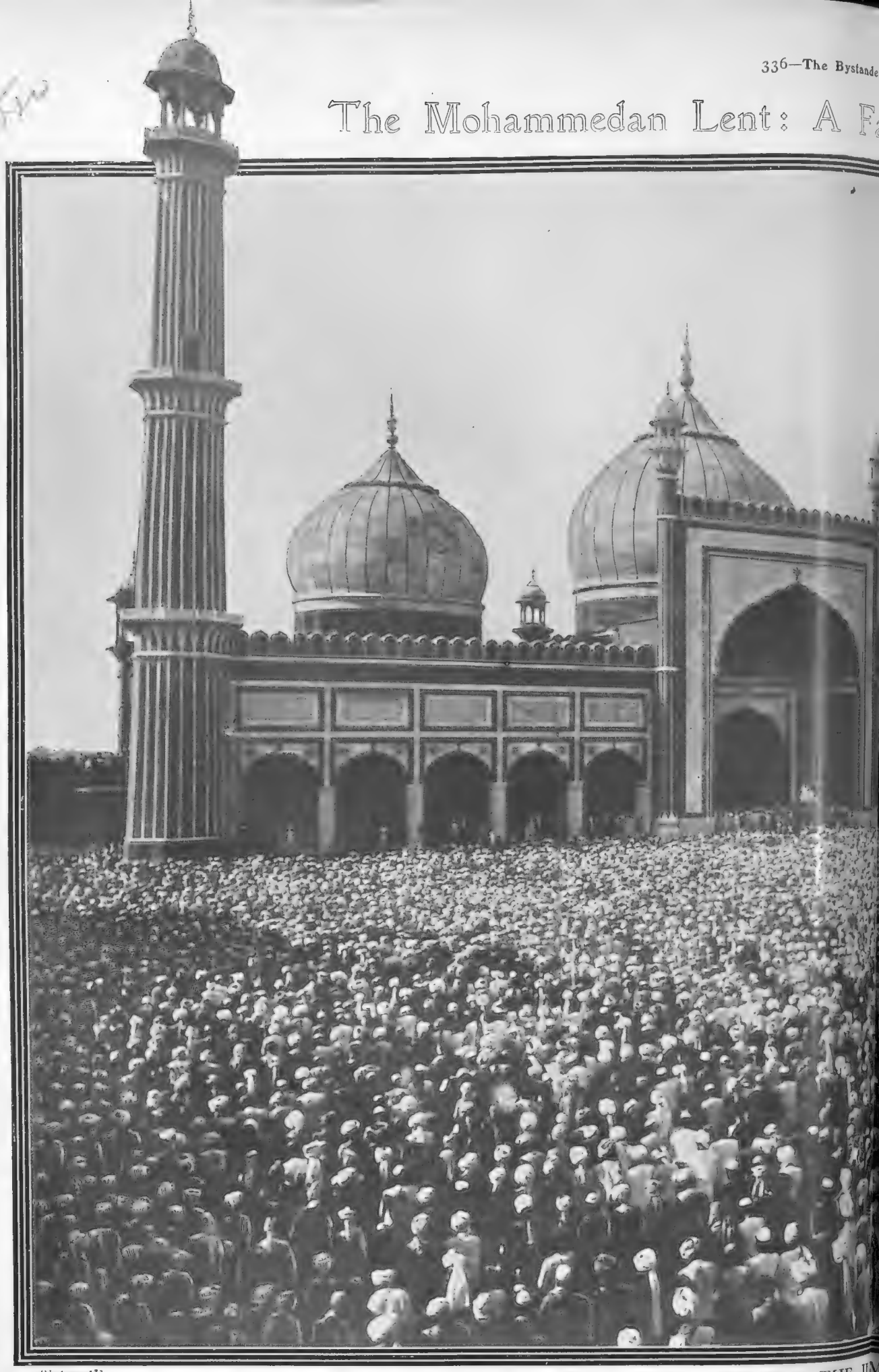
THE STATELY FUNERAL OF A GERMAN BROTHER WHOSE DEATH WAS MOURNED BY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF HIS FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN

Spectators of the Funeral Procession in Berlin of Herr Paul Singer, a Socialist Member of the Reichstag: The Procession was Eight Miles long

Photographs] **A Glimpse of the Hearse and its Followers Passing Along the Friedrichstrasse, Berlin** [*Underwood*

The solemnity of the funeral of Paul Singer, a German Socialist leader, and the great display of sympathy it evoked, give one furiously to think. Is there a single English Socialist who would be followed to his grave by hundreds of thousands of men as was Herr Singer? Blatchford or Hardie, Macdonald or Crooks—is one of these genuinely beloved of the people? Is it not the constant charge of the rank and file of the Socialist party that the leaders love themselves more than the people? Singer's coffin was followed by a procession eight miles in length! Imagine such a scene in London—with closed shops and thousands lining the route. The imagination boggles at the suggestion

The Mohammedan Lent: A F

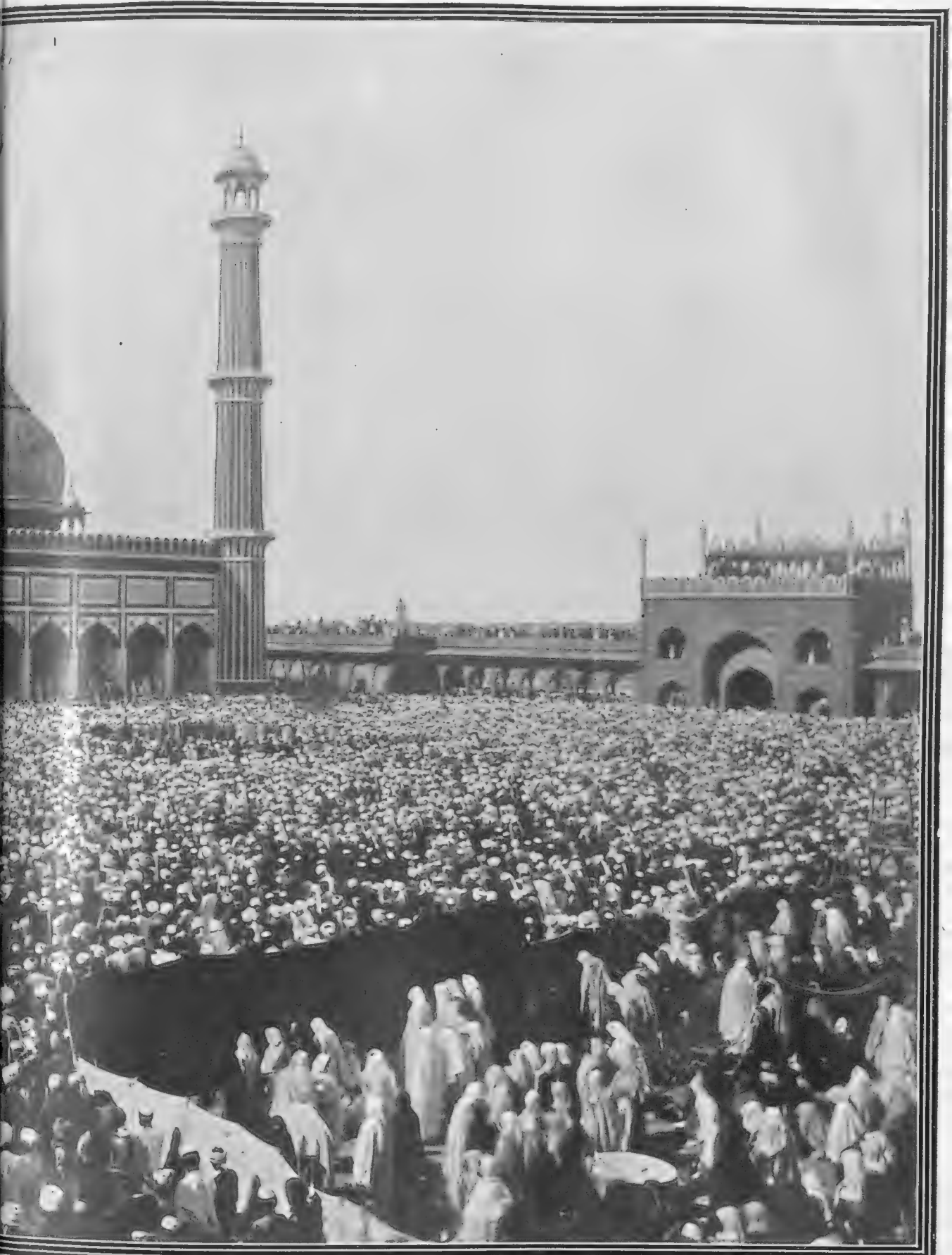


Photograph]

DEVOTEES OUTSIDE THE JU

The Jumma Musjid is one of the finest Mosques in the world, and ranks among the many architectural glories of Delhi. It is built of white marble and sandstone, a rather unusual mixture of materials, but the effect is one of singular elegance and beauty. It stands on a raised platform with three fine gateways, on top of which are galleries surrounded by marble domes with gold-tipped spires. During the ninth month in the calendar year of the Mohammedans, every believer is compelled to keep a strict fast from dawn—when a white thread can be distinguished from a black thread—to sunset; this is called the month of Ramazan. Its main feature is the self-mo while greater than our Lenten time, is le abstinence of the day may be followed b every part of India gather for the fasti Mohammedan house of prayer, when eat even swallowing one's saliva are strictly fast of Ramazan, although now less obser

mous Mosque During the Month of Ramazan



MA MUSJID MOSQUE, DELHI

[*Mrs. C. B. Hunter*

ation that Islam prescribes, but its severity, al than apparent when it is remembered that amount of excess by night. Pilgrims from feasting of Ramazan, held in this beautiful inking, smoking, bathing, smelling perfumes, ted in the hours heretofore mentioned. The an formerly, is a very severe affliction upon those who are orthodox, particularly when the month—the year being lunar—happens to fall on the long hot days of the summer. Of course, as with us in Lenten time, the sick, travellers, and soldiers in time of war, are exempt, and temporarily released from duty, they having to fast an equal number of days at a subsequent period, when the impediment is removed. Nurses, pregnant women, and those to whom it might prove really injurious, alone are totally exempt. It will be noticed in the above picture that the women are segregated from the men

The Charms of Chamonix

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A WINTER SPORTS HOLIDAY IN FRANCE

A French Ski-ing Party at the Foot of Mont Blanc
M. Charles Tassart, the leading figure of the group, is a well-known horseman, who is bringing five horses over to the forthcoming Olympia Show

IT was at a London dinner-party, just a month ago, that I heard a man talking of Chamonix. "No beastly professionalism about it," he declared enthusiastically; "just the place for us amateurs. The sun shines all day long, and besides, it's French, not Swiss. Ideal opportunity for cementing, on sporting terms, the popular *entente cordiale*."

And a week later, rather tired and battered, and quite without enthusiasm, I set out for Chamonix.

During the journey, for all its comfortable negotiation on the systems of the South Eastern and Chatham, the Nord, and the P.L.M., I preserved my languor. Only when I entered the train on the little mountain railway at La Fayet did the world suddenly seem to enliven itself.

Clank, clank, the little electric train (in these well-watered mountain-ways power is cheap) strains itself sinuously. The valleys are left below, we begin to mount, emerge from the lowland mists, and are bathed at once in floods of silvery sunshine. It is a new world, a virgin world, all white, with a whiteness almost unimaginable, that is yet shot through with a thousand prismatic colours, and over all a gracious dome of the deepest, most exquisite Southern blue.

The drive to the Hôtel des Alpes (hotels abound in Chamonix, which is full in summer of mountain-climbing enthusiasts, but it is at the Alpes that the winter visitors congregate) in a sleigh through the snowy streets, takes about a minute to negotiate. A sun-lighted bedroom is at disposal, and, in less than an hour, a giant refreshed and longing for a world (or, at any rate, a slide) to conquer you descend to *déjeuner* and—France.

Captain Rochette-Barron
Well known in Paris and London, is the chief landowner as well as the most popular man in Chamonix, a delightful personality, who extends the most charming hospitality to English visitors

Life at Chamonix is, of course, much like life at the Swiss winter resorts, only, being French, baby amusements amuse us just as much as serious grown-up ones. Being French, too, we take *le sport* really quite seriously, and every day spend hours and hours and hours laboriously and pantingly dragging a little toboggan up steep hills in order to spend a rapturous thirty seconds or less "lugeing" down again. And then we ski, we skate, we tail, and even sometimes run risk of instant death on the fatally alluring *piste de bobsleigh*.

Spirits are always high in Chamonix, for there is something in the combination of 15 degrees of freezing and a midsummer sun that fills one with an almost overpowering *joie de vivre*. The sun-swept days are always too short; the dark blue velvet, diamond-studded nights too short also, so well does one sleep in Chamonix. And every day, after afternoon chocolate at the *patisserie*, and before taking a final bout of exercise on the rink, there is that magic hour of sunset in the Alps when the blue of the sapphire succeeds the turquoise blue of the daytime sky, crimson and molten gold spread along the horizon, and the austere snow on the Chamonix Aiguilles is transfigured with an exquisite rosy flush that no mere words may describe. The air is dry and cloudless, and the clean frost does not bite, but only invigorates, and altogether one is very glad to be alive when life, for an all too short fortnight, may be lived at Chamonix. O. M. D.

Our Lady of the Snows: A Glimpse of Chamonix from the Mont Blanc side
On the slopes on the other side of the lovely little town are bobsleigh and luge runs or *pistes*, as the French have it. The cross in the foreground is a characteristic feature to be found on the outskirts of the towns and villages of Haute-Savoie

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. XXXII.—THE SOUTH DEVON

(Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby)

Mr. Brunskill, the Master, with the Whips and Dog Pack, Starting for Dartmoor, which can just be discerned in the far distance

WHEN Mr. Brunskill took over the South Devon country in 1907 there was practically an empty kennel. Previous to this hounds had been kennelled at Pulsford since 1885, with the exception of the period between 1894 and 1897, when Mr. St. Maur had them at Stover Park. The country has been hunted for sixty years at least, and probably longer, though there appear to be no records kept. Since Mr. George Templer of Stover's reign, there has been a succession of Masters, including Sir Walter Carew, who followed Mr. Templer. Previous to 1907 Mr. Washington M. G. Singer had been Master for eleven seasons, during which time the pack was his private property. His popularity was great, and, what is more to the point, he transformed a country devoid of foxes into a well-stocked one. On his retirement hounds were sold at Rugby, and thus the new Master was faced with the task of providing a new pack to hunt this country so full of variety. Mr. Brunskill, who had previously hunted the Exmoor Hounds, which he purchased from Mr. Ormerod, and afterwards the Silverton country with the same pack, brought with him the nucleus of the present pack.

Mr. H. F. Brunskill, the popular Master of the South Devon Hunt

To-day it consists of forty-four couple of very useful, workmanlike, good-coloured hounds, eminently suitable for this country, which consists of two-thirds arable and the rest moorland. About half of the pack are dogs, and these, in shape, have fairish necks and shoulders. Straighter hounds I have seen, and bone might, with advantage, be carried lower down. On the other hand, they are well-coupled-up hounds, and their backs and loins are good. In their work in this very diversified country they show to great

advantage, especially on Dartmoor, which, to the uninitiated, is a revelation. This wide-extending, wild moorland country consists of tors and deep valleys, which extend for miles, and are covered with heather, gorse, and rocks, the latter of the worst type. There are also bogs, which are treacherous. Over this often fog-bound expanse of weather-beaten district hounds show extraordinary sport. To see them spread themselves out when drawing these bogs—just like a line of beaters—is quite beautiful. The huntsman must then dismount and work with them afoot, and a line is formed by hounds themselves, without the slightest assistance, of quite 200yds. in width. In this way every inch of ground is made good. And then when they put up their fox and fly together their music is superb. The bitches also are very level, and in colour are a shade darker than the dogs, and show more quality. They are straight, and, curiously, have more bone than the dogs. They are nicely framed, compact hounds, of just the right size and build for this country.

"How is the Turf this Morning?"
The Master's favourite hunter

Those who know the South Devon country are familiar with the arable side of it, with its formidable banks and woodlands. Over and through these the bitches are very fast. They have wonderful dash and drive, and their music is quite equal to the dogs. The country extends some thirty miles north to south by fifteen east to west. It is a fair and very often good scenting country, especially on the moorlands. It is not a country for three-hundred guinea horses, but rather one for a short-legged, compact horse, with good back and loins, and one that can both creep through hairy places and yet jump cleverly on to and off the big banks and find its way over the innumerable boulders and rocks on the moors. The kennels are at Pulsford, in the centre of the country, and were built about 1884. They are nothing much to look at, but are warm and healthy.

The Master of the South Devon with Four Couple of Hounds

The fields average small, contingents coming from Torquay, Newton Abbot, and Totnes. The farmers round about are most loyal to the Hunt and the Master and his sporting wife. They turn up in good numbers, always welcome hounds on their land, and delight in walking a puppy for the Master. Mr. Brunskill, who owns the pack, is indefatigable in his attention to every single detail of kennel management. His knowledge of hound-breeding has enabled him to get together a pack—from many kennels—well adapted to the country. As a huntsman he is patient, quiet, and very persevering, and in hunting this moorland has frequently to hunt hounds for miles on foot over bogs. This is no light work for anyone in boots and spurs. His voice is good, and he and his horse are one, and he gets with his hounds at all times in the most extraordinary way. His discipline as Master is at times, perhaps, a little over-severe, but he has no Field Master to assist him except his wife.

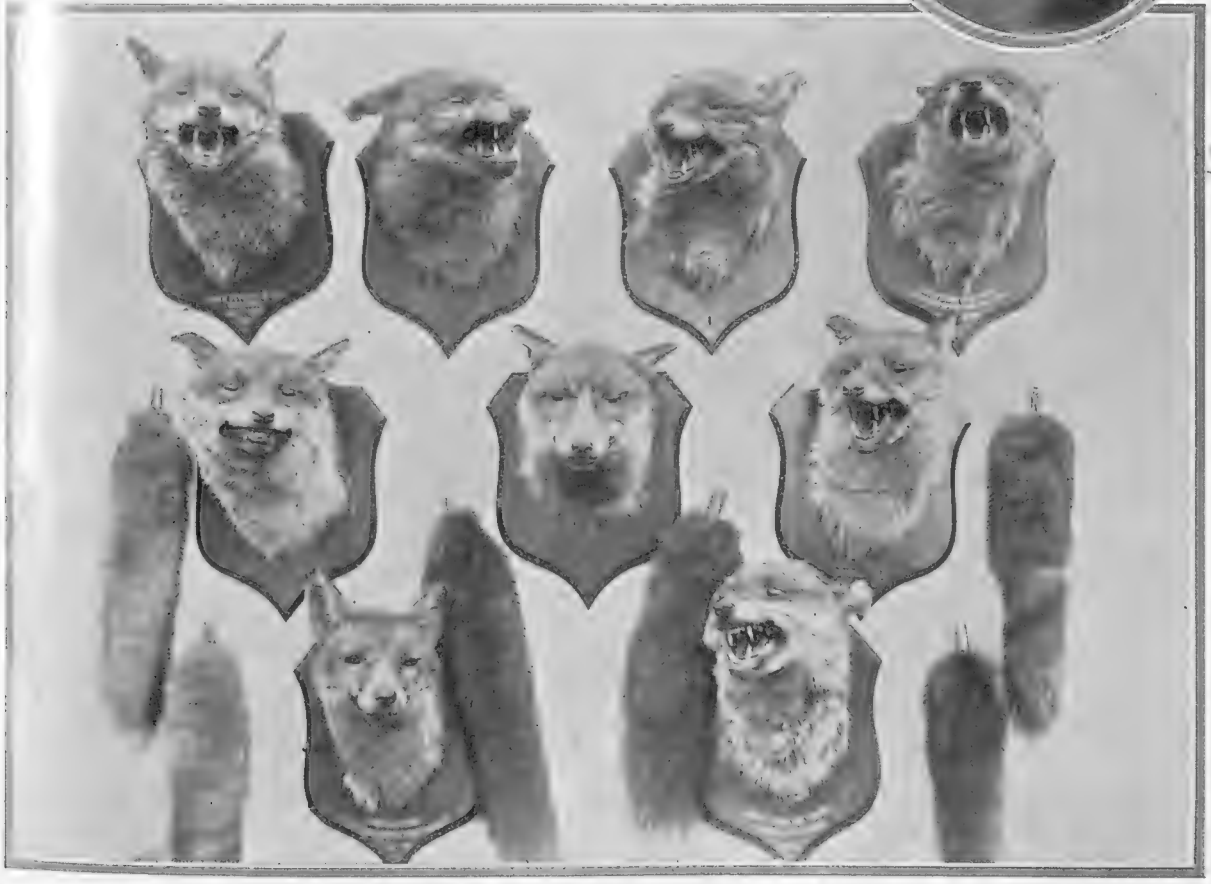
Mrs. Brunskill most ably assists her husband in every detail of the Hunt, and acts as assistant secretary. Devoted to sport and hound-work, she is always out, and keen from find to finish, no day being too long for her. She is immensely popular, and in the Master's absence takes command in the field for the day. It is quite evident, from my own observations, that sport is flourishing in South Devon, and this is due to a combination of circumstances, such as a keen and popular Master, a good working pack, the goodwill of the farmers, and a good supply of real straight-necked foxes to chase. Those who would combine fine wild sport with the most invigorating pure air and exquisite scenery should try a hunt with these hounds. This recipe will do more good to shattered nerves and brain-fag than all the doctor's physic. There is no air like the ocean-borne breezes which rush over these magnificent moorlands, which extend far beyond the reach of human eye.

The Master's House AND SOME Game Devon Foxes

How the Terrier is Carried

newton, Newton Abbot: The Master's Residence whilst Hunting the Country

. H. F. Brunskill has been Master of the South Devon Hunt since 1907. ie above picture he is seen starting to fetch his hounds from the kennels



Trophies of Many a Famous Run

These masks and brushes of foxes, killed by the South Devon, serve as keen reminders of many a glorious burst across Dartmoor and the neighbouring country, each memento having its own absorbing story

The Italian Royal Children

CHARMING SCIONS OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY

Princess Yolande, Eldest Child of the King and Queen of Italy
(Ten years old on June 1)

Princess Mafalda, Second Daughter of the King and Queen of Italy
(Eight years old)

Prince Humbert, Heir to the Italian Throne
(Six years old)

Princess Giovanna, the Baby of the Italian Royal Family
(Three years old)

Photographs *E.N.A.*

Their Majesties of Italy are proud of their bonny children, and the warm-hearted Italians delight in hearing the latest stories concerning the occupants of the Royal nursery. The delight with which the birth of Prince Humbert was received, a little over six years ago, will readily be remembered. The little Prince certainly looks a very healthy boy, and he has something of the determined cast of feature of that other heir to great responsibilities, the Tsarevitch of Russia

Bystander Short Story

The PUPPET PEER: A Startling Story of Tomorrow

By HUMPHREY BOWEN

GILPINGHAM, BARON (GREEN-WILKS). [BARON, U.K. 1912]

BY the side of a bright fire in a rather severely furnished room sat Thomas Green-Wilks. His face was a raw crimson, and his mild, blue eyes looked strained. In his hands he clutched a letter, and as his fingers trembled the stiff paper rustled against his waistcoat. Presently the colour faded from his face, so that he matched the tablecloth and mantelpiece clock. His mouth widened, the lips became thinner, and his eyes assumed a vacant expression as if they were looking inwards at himself, and every now and again he shook his rather short neck to ease it from the pressure of his collar. So he sat for some minutes, endeavouring to grasp something of what this startling letter meant.

After a quarter of an hour his mind was still unsettled, but he rose, and, carrying the letter in his hand, went out into the hall.

A plump and plain girl, one of a family of eight, was descending the stairs.

"Where is your mother, Agnes?" inquired Mr. Green-Wilks.

"In the sewing-room, I suppose," replied the girl without looking at her father, but hurrying with a swirl of stiff petticoats to the front door.

Mr. Green-Wilks ascended the stairs and gently opened the door of a little green-walled room into which the sunlight streamed. Mrs. Green-Wilks, with an air of proud possession, was smoothing and folding some fine linen. She was a little, black-clad woman. There was no distinction in her features, but she had the gentility of aspect that the woman of lowly birth seems able to cultivate as her husband's income increases. There were lines on her face similar to those on Mr. Green-Wilks's, telling of some mutual sorrow in their lives.

Mr. Green-Wilks sat down quietly on an old-fashioned rocking-chair. He had forgotten that it rocked, and, being rather a short man, he had to sit on the extreme edge of it to keep it steady and his feet upon the ground.

Mrs. Green-Wilks looked at him with mild inquiry in her eyes.

"Ann," said her husband solemnly, "I have been offered a peerage."

The woman's eyes dilated instantly. Her lips tried to frame a smile, but failed. She dropped the pile of linen from her arms and put her hands to her breast. Then her brows contracted, as if suspicious that for once in his lifetime Thomas had been guilty of indulging in a mild practical joke — of the 1st of April order.

Mr. Green-Wilks noticed the flash of incredulity, and handed his wife the letter. She read it, bent her head low over it, and kept it bent long after she had read the letter's contents.

Mr. Green-Wilks rose from his uncomfortable seat, and crossing to his wife, laid his hand on her arm. The rocking-chair rocked to and fro squeakily as if it wished to show its violent approval of the fact that it had been sat upon by a prospective Baron.

Mrs. Green-Wilks looked up at her husband, searching his face. She was paler than usual.

"Well, Tom, dear, you have earned it."

Thomas Green-Wilks frowned and strolled perkily to the window, where he stood looking out, his hands behind his back.

"How can I? How can I, Ann? The idea chokes me."

Mr. Green-Wilks was the type of man who is rarely understood, and usually suspected of leading a double life. As a matter of fact, he was one of the most exemplary citizens in the British Isles. He had begun life as a draper's assistant, and was now not far from being a millionaire, Wilks's drapery emporiums being prominent in every large town. He was a Baptist, a man of profound religious convictions, and necessarily a little narrow-minded. It takes a narrow-minded man to broaden the public outlook, especially in the matter of business.

His religious beliefs dissuaded him from accepting any public honours. He might have been a J.P., an Alderman, or Vice-President of a Territorial Association. All posts usually reserved for successful tradesmen were open to him. But he was a man of genuinely humble spirit. He lived very plainly, and saw that his family did the same. He even drank his Hollands-and-soda in the evening with an apologetic eye on the Recording Angel. His interest in public affairs was confined to those affecting church matters. He wanted precisely what Sir Robert Perks wanted. He did not want "Rome on the Rates." And he was very, very keen on Welsh Disestablishment. Hence very large sums out of Mr. Green-Wilks's banking account found their way into the coffers of the Liberal party.

And now the party organisation wished to reward him with a peerage. The Parliament Bill had been spurned by the Lords. The Government had brought pressure on the King to create sufficient new peers to carry it when sent up again. He was invited to be one of the new noblemen.

It hurt Mr. Green-Wilks to the heart. He knew that the Prime Minister meant well, but it disgusted him to think that his donations, which he imagined had the blessing of God, had provoked the offer of a worldly, and, therefore, glamourless name-handle. Genuinely did the good man despise such fripperies,

(All rights strictly reserved)

and it pained him deeply that he, a man of sixty, whose health had never been altogether robust, should be subjected to the shock of being publicly misunderstood.

His wife watched him with some alarm as he gazed out of the window. She did not like to see him worried, and had never appreciated the depth of her rich husband's humility, and any hesitation on his part about accepting the honour she would have regarded as madness. But she knew better than to put it in that way.

"I know, Tom, that such a worldly reward cannot appeal to you, but you cannot expect the Prime Minister to realise that. He is asking you really to help the party."

"The party, Ann," he said, puffing; "I'm sick of the party. What on earth have they done for the causes dearest to me? Their Education Bills were foredoomed to failure. They pleased no one. They talk, but they do nothing but talk, of Disestablishment. I am a man of peace, and I find them voting larger sums for armaments than ever the Tories did. I have given them many thousands for great and noble objects, which the party professed to favour. None of them have been consummated. They evidently thought that I could be repaid with a title. It is adding insult to injury."

"But you forget, Tom, that their work has been crippled in advance by the very power which they now invite you to help to destroy. No Liberal, believe me, would misunderstand your acceptance of the offer. And you surely don't care what the rest say."

"I don't care what anyone thinks or says. But the idea of parading as a Lord, posing before the world as something superior to my fellow-men, of whom, please Heaven, I would be the humblest, nauseates me."

"But, Tom, would you not humble yourself by suffering the misunderstanding of your fellow-men?"

It was a woman's argument, casuistic and clever. The man sat down and thought over the point. Mrs. Green-Wilks knew better than to speak. Presently her husband rose and went out of the room. He returned with a photograph, which he placed in his wife's hands.

She took it, looked at the face it portrayed, and very soon tears ran down her cheeks.

"The second of my line," said Mr. Green-Wilks bitterly.

The photograph was that of their only son, the eldest of the family of eight. As the result of an accident in his babyhood he was half-witted. He had now turned thirty, was a man of considerable beauty of exterior, but could take no interest in anything but the most childish pursuits. The most expert doctors had failed to arouse in him the instinct that would encourage him to learn to read and write, for instance. He lived, in separate apartments, with his parents.

Mrs. Green-Wilks put the picture away from her and wiped her eyes.

"I ought not to have reminded you, perhaps," said her husband; "but the boy's condition distinctly affects my decision, especially as, my dear—you know what I mean?"

Mrs. Green-Wilks looked downward, as she invariably did when her husband alluded to his health, never robust since an exhausting attack of pneumonia five years before.

"But, Tom," she said, concealing her emotion quickly; "there are the girls to consider as well. It would help to get them married."

"H'm. I'm afraid they're all too plain."

"Not at all, Tom. I'm sure Emily's face is most pleasant, and Agnes has a fine figure. Indeed, all of them have their good points."

"Young men don't seem to notice them. Besides, they're getting old. Mary must be thirty, and the others are not so far behind her."

"Women are marrying later now, Tom. They would stand an excellent chance, too, as Honourables. A man likes the idea of his wife being known as the Honourable Mrs. So-and-So."

"Silly fools. But I suppose you're right. I only consented to that idiotic double surname and the hyphen because you said Wilks by itself would hamper the girls in Bayswater. Two surnames don't seem to have helped them so far, but, of course, the 'Honourable' in front would appeal to fools. I suppose one must put up with fools for sons-in-law."

"How bitter you are getting, Tom. You should really be more tolerant of other people's weaknesses."

Mr. Green-Wilks laughed a little harshly.

"I notice you say nothing about yourself. How does the prospect of being 'Her Ladyship' appeal to you?"

"I think I could endure it—for the Party's sake," said Mrs. Green-Wilks, with a suspicion of a twinkle in her eye.

Mr. Green-Wilks turned away to smile. He knew his wife's character and ambitions fairly well. He knew that she would be bitterly disappointed if he refused the honour, and he knew equally well that she would skilfully conceal her disappointment. They were both getting old, and he remembered the years of suffering that the condition of their son had caused to a devoted mother. It would, perhaps, be churlish to deny her the pleasure she would derive from his acceptance of the honour. Mr. Green-Wilks did not waver in his detestation of the business, but he had a kindly spirit, and other people's opinion did not matter much so long as his own people were happy.

"What on earth should I call myself?" wondered Mr. Green-Wilks with the air of a martyr.

"Tom, you're giving way."

"I suppose I am. I can see that you want me to."

Mrs. Green-Wilks kissed her husband.

"Lord Green-Wilks won't satisfy you, I suppose?" said the sufferer.

"Good gracious, no, Tom. We shall escape from that, although the children won't. What do you say to Lord and Lady Gilpingham?"

"Ann, you've thought this out before," said Mr. Green-Wilks accusingly.

"I admit it. Women with rich husbands generally think this sort of thing out a long way ahead."

"Gilpingham" was, of course, an admirable suggestion. Both husband and wife had been born in that picturesque village, and there was a stone building now in its precincts that bore the name of the "Wilks Institute." Even Mr. Green-Wilks did not altogether dislike this part of the business. "Gilpingham" was

(Continued on page 346)

"The Romance of the Hire Purchase System"

A SCENE IN A POPULAR PLAY, SO DESCRIBED BY A LEADING CRITIC

Photograph *Alfred Ellis and Walery*

MISS JULIA NEILSON AND MR. ALFRED KENDRICK IN "THE POPINJAY"

Mr. E. A. Baughan describes this play as "The Romance of the Hire Purchase System" because it is owing to the central figure, King Christian (played by Mr. Fred Terry), getting into the hands of Tom Lewis and Company, universal providers, that he comes to a bad end. Miss Neilson plays splendidly as the Queen, and Mr. Kendrick is as fresh and natural as ever in a minor rôle. "The Popinjay" is at the New Theatre

(Continued from page 344)

a signature that could be scrawled or smudged with dignity.

Mrs. Green-Wilks hastened away to her daughters with the joyous news, while her husband sat down to think over the effect of his decision on—his business.

When the list of the new Lords was published there was something of a sensation among the Bayswater people who knew Mr. Green-Wilks. Those who had suspected the sincerity of his humility cried, "We told you so!" Those good people who respected and believed in his way of life were considerably startled, if not exactly shocked. He who had preached humility and the futility of all earthly honours, he who had refused the presidency of the local Bible-class even, had accepted "a puppet peerage." It was certainly a great blow to the religious sensibilities of the good folk of Bayswater.

The Press amused itself about the list in its own way. Most Radical papers published the names, sat tight, and said nothing. But the *Daily News* exploded into pæans of praise of the Prime Minister's elect. Mr. Green-Wilks it described as a merchant-prince (a phrase that made him writhe) and a pillar of Nonconformity. His personal virtues were belauded in a manner calculated to demoralise the simple virtue of the wealthy draper. He much preferred the malicious sarcasm of the Tory Press. He had expected their gibes, and he bore them bravely—for the good of his soul.

Few suspected how Mr. Green-Wilks suffered at this period. His wife, however, understood, and loyally cheered him through the days of ridicule and contempt.

They sat together on the evening of the day on which the King had created the new Baron Gilpingham, and her Ladyship was shocked to notice how her husband had aged in the last few weeks. He was losing the white hair which gave him so benevolent an aspect, and his face was pinched and drawn. His wife had the most serious tremors as to his general health.

"I wonder if I should have done it, dear, after all," he said, half to himself.

"It was worth while doing, Tom, because you disliked it."

Lord Gilpingham brightened perceptibly at the reply.

"Are the girls happy about it?"

"Delighted. And they are getting so much attention now."

"Ah, yes. The sins of the children are visited on the father. Do you know, Ann, I find it so hard to look my old friends in the face. And it is impossible to explain things to them, because that would rob me of my satisfaction in the unmerited shame of it."

"Your friends—the friends that matter—think no worse of you. No one would mistake you for a *parvenu* plebeian coveting rank. As it is, I am sure those who know you best only blame me. And quite rightly."

Lord Gilpingham smiled sadly, and patted his wife's arm. He was glad she had got her way; she was so childishly pleased. But he could not hear the servants' "My Lord" and "My Lady" without a grimace.

Two days later, the peerage annuals having in the meantime been supplied with details as to his ancestry, Lord Gilpingham was seized with a chill, and before the week was out it had affected his lungs and caused his death.

. . . . . .

The Parliament Bill was once more before the House of Lords. The Premier had, for a variety of reasons, not been able to get quite the full number of peers projected. Those of sufficient eminence or wealth who had been approached had, for the most part, preferred to wait for a season when the social promotion would not appear so ridiculous. But a number had accepted that was reckoned sufficient to swamp the Tories. The second Lord Gilpingham was brought to the House by an enthusiastic Liberal peer. Every vote, he explained, counted. It would surely have been the first Lord Gilpingham's wish that his son should assist in striking the great blow. . . .

The voting, as anticipated, was close, and excitement ran high. Finally it was announced that the Liberals had won. The British Constitution was destroyed by a majority of one vote.

HUMPHREY BOWEN

Statues in Sand: Clever Modelling by an Out-of-Work Plasterer

These sand models are made by a plasterer out of work on the sands at Weston-super-Mare in order to get a living during the winter months. Passers-by seem to appreciate them thoroughly, judging from the coins thrown to him

The Vogue of the Racket

LAWN TENNIS PLAYERS ON THE RIVIERA

Miss J. Tripp

Miss M. Tripp

Miss R. V. Salusbury, unbeaten in Singles on the Riviera last Season

Mrs. Nutcombe Quicke

McNeal, the Mentone Club Professional

Mr. A. Holmes

Mr. G. M. Simond, the Leading Continental Referee

Herr Bergmann

Mr. A. C. Bostwick

Mr. R. Wagner

Practice for the "Riviera round" of open tournaments, which starts at Monte Carlo, under the management of Mr. G. M. Simond, on February 27, is already in full swing. Several well-known players, in addition to those whose portraits appear above, have already gone South, and others are expected shortly

GOLF

The Battle of Stoke Poges

Pressure of other important matters has made me come rather late to a notice of the recent match at Stoke Poges between the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society and a strong team of professionals. I shall not, therefore, go into the details of the match beyond commenting on salient features of it, and shall address myself more particularly to certain considerations which seem to me to result from it. Serious interest in the match as a test between amateurs and professionals was considerably discounted owing to the receipt by the amateurs of a start of two holes up in each of their matches. I still think it was a great pity that any handicap should have been arranged, and that it would have been better for both parties if the match had been on level terms. However, it is no use crying over spilt milk, and it is more to the purpose to note that the contest was immensely enjoyed by both sides, that it afforded opportunity for much brilliant golf, and that it resulted in a very close and exciting struggle, which the amateurs won by a short head.

"Distance Lends—Deception"

The fact that this is a view of the new Golf Club at Monaco has to be taken to a certain extent—as far as the actual course is concerned—upon trust, but it gives a good idea of the picturesque scenery amidst which golf is played in the Principality, as well as a suggestion of the sporting nature of the course

The Hero of the Fight

The leading feature on the amateur side was the magnificent play of Mr. de Montmorency, who showed conclusively that the brilliant form he displayed in the Jubilee Vase contest at St. Andrews in the autumn has not deserted him. It is a great pity that the claims of his profession prevent this admirable player from appearing in the Amateur Championship. The nearest approach to that desirable event was his appearance in the international match at Sandwich in 1908, when he defeated Captain Hutchison in a closely contested match. I had the good fortune to see that match, and was immensely impressed by the power and precision displayed by Mr. de Montmorency in all departments of the game. Unfortunately, he could not remain for the ensuing Amateur Championship, and unless that great sportsman, the Headmaster of Eton, can see his way to releasing Mr. de Montmorency for a week next May we shall not have the pleasure of seeing him "drink delight of battle with his peers" at Prestwick. All critics were unanimous as to the perfection of his play at Stoke Poges, and it is no small feat to produce such form against antagonists of the calibre of Braid and Sherlock, and Harry Vardon and Duncan. It shows that Mr. de Montmorency has the power of rising to an occasion. Of such is the kingdom of champions, one may say.

Honourably Mentioned

Another gratifying feature was the recovery by Vardon of his putting. It must have been a great joy to him. No one who has not suffered from a prolonged eclipse of his ability to control some particular department of his game can have any conception of the nightmare of terror that this at length involves. As Mr. Hutchinson well says, recovery is like recovery from a severe illness. I was also delighted by the fine form shown by Mr. Norman Hunter and Mr. Colt and by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Gillies in their respective matches.

An Old Plea Justified

Taken all round, the match has provided a fresh argument in favour of the cause for which I have pleaded so long, the cause of a match between Gentlemen and Players. Taking the results of the recent match and bearing in mind the handicap odds, I see no reason why the amateurs, with their best team, should not be able to fight a close battle with the professionals. Although the Oxford and Cambridge Society's team was not absolutely representative of all the best amateurs, yet it must be remembered that much practice in foursomes has made them extremely formidable opponents in that form of the game. On the other hand, the professionals were almost at full strength. I trust, therefore, that this match, and that which will be played at Sandwich next June, will lead to the establishment of a Gentlemen *v.* Players match as an annual fixture.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

BADMINTON

The Game's Chief Drawback

In these days a game in order to live must be a really good game; it may become fashionable for a time, and enjoy a regular boom—as ping-pong did—but a boom cannot last for ever, and unless it is a good game it is bound to sink into comparative insignificance. The chief weakness of badminton, which, to my mind, prevents it from being classed as a really good game lies in its principal accessory, the shuttle, which is but a poor thing to hit at as compared with a ball. For one thing, a shuttle has a business end, for hitting purposes, whereas a ball has none—since it is all business end—and a shuttle is often hit, especially when high lobs are "smashed," on the feather, which does not tend to improve its condition or the accuracy of its flight. Added to which the pace of the shuttles, even of the very best make, varies considerably, and expert players often reject several before finding one that goes just right.

Its Limitations and Strenuousness

Another drawback of the game is that the strokes used in it are comparatively few. Everything, of course, must be taken on the volley, and, therefore, the alternation of ground-stroke and volley does not come in; neither is there the same scope for the use of the various "spins" that there is in the case of a ball. On the other hand, badminton is admittedly a sufficiently strenuous game to make it absolutely necessary for a player to keep fit in order to excel, and there is more in the playing of it by really expert players than perhaps meets the eye. Superficially, and as far as the actual execution of the strokes is concerned, there is not much difference between a first and a second-rate player. The superiority of the one over the other lies in his knowledge of the game, which has been built up by experience and careful study upon a foundation of aptitude.

G. A. Thomas

Miss Larminie Miss Radeglia

ENGLISH BADMINTON CHAMPIONS IN IRELAND

At the Irish Badminton Championship Meeting in Dublin, all the principal events were won by English players. England also beat Ireland easily in the International Match

The Irish Championship Meeting

For several seasons past the field of open and international competition has been dominated by a small band of English cracks, who constitute a well-defined first class, and are rarely beaten by players outside that class. This was well illustrated at the Irish Championship Meeting in Dublin, at which, in addition to the Irish Championships themselves, the International match between England and Ireland was played. Although all the first choices selected to represent England could not get away, the match was never regarded as anything else but a foregone conclusion, and so it proved, for the English team, consisting of G. A. Thomas, G. A. Sautter, H. Comyn, W. Carey, Miss Radeglia, and Miss Larminie, won easily by six matches to one.

Trans-Caucasian Calisthenics

A physical culture class of young Chinamen with their Western instructor. Young China, nowadays, is nothing if not up to date

The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

Brainy Belloc

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has just published an exposure of our political system, or, rather, our Parliamentary system, which is a rather different thing. Everyone will read it, except myself; because the author is one of those happy men of letters whose work appeals to the unlettered. There are very few, and most of them are novelists. The mere literary man is rather at a discount. His portrait may appear in the papers; he may have the most wonderful reviews; and faithful friends may declare him to be the successor of Lamb and Hazlitt. But there, I fear, the rewards end, as a rule. Money, which Verlaine said was the chief thought of all literary men, is almost the privilege of the bureaucratic novelists. Poets, essayists, and critics have to rely on posthumous honours. The late Walter Besant used to declare that popularity was really a test of greatness; this was rather a daring thing to say in the dovecotes of the time when art for art's sake was all the rage and popularity was almost looked upon as an insult. Whatever we may think on so delicate a question it is a matter for rejoicing that a really distinguished man of letters like Mr. Hilaire Belloc is appreciated in his lifetime. I suppose there are plenty of novelists with a larger audience, but he is only a novelist, by the way. It is Belloc the stylist, the mere writer, who fascinates. No one objects to his political opinions, because he expresses them in such an amusing way. I believe he would be elected for any constituency in the interest of any party. So his temporary retirement from politics can only be termed morbid. I am sure he would have been elected. But, perhaps, it was on account of the book I won't read. My reasons are simple. I have perfect faith in our present Parliamentary system. I don't want that disturbed. Being a Radical, I am delighted with the result of the last election. I have a presentiment that Mr. Hilaire Belloc's book would tamper with that faith.

Belloc the Poet

In the turmoil of the last election there was overlooked a volume of *Verses* (Duckworth: 5*s*.), by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and that is what I want people to read. Though it seems incredible, this book has been almost unnoticed by the Press. I know the author's admirers have missed, in consequence, a great deal of pleasure. For the verses are all either witty, or beautiful, or neat, as you would suspect. Many of them are not verses, however, but poetry of the highest kind. And here I venture to quarrel with the poet. He should not mix his vintages. We could have waited for a volume of serious poetry, for that will always keep, and, like wine, is better for the keeping. There is a jarring note in mingling high seriousness, as Matthew Arnold called it, with satiric and epigrammatic numbers, however poignant their wit. Such lovely little lyrics as "The Birds" or "Our Lord and Our Lady" are almost desecrated by contiguity with:

> "Dives, when you and I go down to Hell,
> Where scribblers end and millionaires as well,
> We shall be carrying on our separate backs
> Two very large, but very different packs."

Who Dives is and why he has incurred Mr. Belloc's wrath you must find out by getting the book. But I must quote one more admirable verse from the same dedication. "Towards the infinite flat underlands" might come from William Morris, not because it is an echo, but because of its haunting beauty, its "fulness of suggestion." Indeed, when you read a poem like "The Moon's Funeral" you will be convinced that we have in Mr. Belloc a poet who rarely with Poe; and after reading the verses in satiric vein that we possess a potential twentieth-century Pope. Now that the ex-M.P. has adopted the attitude of Achilles, or a new Cincinnatus, why should he not devote more time to the Muses? He fights "for sides and heroes not mine," so that my observations are quite sincere. Let me not be like "The False Heart" in Mr. Belloc's volume:

> "I said to Heart, 'How goes it?' Heart replied:
> 'Right as a Ribstone Pippin.' But it lied."

"The Beau"

Last week, in praising Mr. Compton Mackenzie's successful novel, I observed that the subject of Beaux and Belles did not interest me. But I must retract in favour of a charming little publication, the second number of which has just reached me. I missed the first one. So let me say, with all the insincerity of a reviewer, that it is a great advance on its predecessor. *The Beau* is a handsome purple folio, published for half a crown at 9, Clifford's Inn. The contributors are all anonymous, but they seem to be scholars; they write about Greek vases and spell Sappho with one "p," a sure sign, if ever there was one. I don't agree with the remark that this fragmentary but passionate lady was "the one great woman bard of the world." I think Christina Rossetti surpassed her. But that is heresy, and *The Beau* is on the right side. Since, however, *The Beau* can command the services of such amusing authors as he who is responsible for "My Lady of the Postcard," why should the staff fall back on "anthology," culled from the past?

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Like a bright exhalation in the evening
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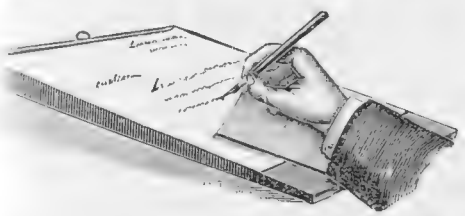

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And is Blake really an author suitable for Beaux or Belles? There is a mild whiff of decadence in one of the articles discussing "The Art of Perfuming the Human Body." But the high spirits of the writer peep out and reveal the healthiest sense of humour possible. I like the shape of this periodical. I wish it every success. I suppose it is a sort of rival to *The Open Window*, which seems to have decided living quite a long life. Some of the contributions to the latter suggest draughts rather than the open-air literary cure, and my sympathies are more with *The Beau*. But they balance each other.

Victor Wenberg

Will Bystanders think me a great bore if I recommend another volume of poems to their notice—*The Triumph of Pan*, by Victor Wenberg (The Equinox: 5*s*.). This contains the answer to a very well-known riddle propounded by the late Elizabeth Barrett Browning. You remember she asked in one of her poems, "What was he doing to Great God Pan: Down in the reeds by the River?" Well, Mr. Victor Wenberg has discovered the answer, for he was obviously wandering near the river if he was not hidden in the reeds. Mr. Wenberg might sometimes be more severe in his diction, more fastidious in editing himself, but he has what I value particularly in modern poetry, the singer's note—too rare where so much else is perfect and mechanical.

America

"Rita" has been to *America—Through English Eyes* (Stanley Paul: 2*s*. 6*d*.), or, I should say, with English eyes. There is a great deal of shrewd observation in this book, but I often wonder how long America will stand English authors going to their houses, accepting their hospitality, and writing, on their return, unpleasant impressions. Dickens, Matthew Arnold, E. F. Benson, H. G. Wells—they have all done it. English people are more sensitive to criticism than any other nation in the world. A Briton who points out our most obvious faults is branded as a pro-Boer. "Rita," indeed, suggests that some American should do "England Through American Eyes." We should either not read the book or we should be deeply offended. Our attitude towards German and French caricatures of ourselves is a fair indication of how it would be received. I agree with "Rita's" point (page 72), however, that America is more foreign to us than any Saxon Uniates ever allow. I can illustrate this myself. A friend of mine was letting his rooms for the Jubilee year, 1897; they overlooked the route of the procession. A house agent arrived with an American and his wife. They decided on immediate occupation. Terms were being discussed in the dining-room with the agent and the American husband, whose name was Cornelius P. Walker. I was left in the sitting-room with Mrs. P. Walker. It was a little embarrassing, and I nearly talked of the weather. She put me at my ease. "Have you ever been in our country, sir?" I replied that I knew New York fairly well. "What hotels have you stayed at?" I reeled out the names I could remember. The Waldorf, The Netherlands, The Brevoort House, The Brunswick. At the mention of this last her face assumed the rapt look of a Carlo Dolci Madonna, and she said almost affectionately, "Why that *ho*tel is like *home* to me. I was married *twice* from that *ho*tel." The coincidence of my staying there seemed to her so remarkable that she hastened to tell Cornelius, just entering the room. He grasped me by the hand. "I am *very, very* pleased to meet you. I hope you will come and see us." They did not even know my name. But I felt I was in the presence—well, of foreigners. ROBERT ROSS.

Coronation Preparations Overseas

All around His Majesty's wide Dominions preparations are afoot fittingly to celebrate the Coronation. The photograph shows the pupils of the Church of England Schools in Kingstown, St. Vincent, assembled to discuss in what manner their loyal felicitations can best be expressed

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Waterloo Cup Prospects

On another page some aspects of the chief sporting event of the present week, the Waterloo Cup, are discussed, and it will not be inappropriate here to glance at the prospects of the competitors. There is always a fascination in the calling over of the card on the night of the draw, and though this does not lead to such heavy wagering as took place a few years ago, there are still some wonderfully tempting odds to be picked up about candidates which are not specially fancied. For instance, you could have secured 1,000 to 1 about Calabash last year, and he got into the semi-final. This week's contest looks to be a good thing for Mr. H. Hardy's **Hillcourt**, who has shown brilliant form. I do not suppose that one will be able to get very substantial odds in this case, because his merit has been thoroughly exposed, and he is certain to have many backers. Mr. Stollery's puppy Sylph and Messrs. Dennis's Dendromys are other dogs that promise to earn further distinction this week, and one of these three may prove successful.

In the Hunting Field

February's early spell of frost effectually put a stop to hunting for the time being, but last week sport was resumed in every country, and the going was better than it had been all through the season. There were plenty of good runs to add to the winter's excellent record, and the next few weeks are sure to see plenty of tip-top sport with hounds. This is the time of the year when foxes make the longest points, and hounds and horses are in the best of condition. Among recent hunting arrangements for next season, considerable interest attaches to that in the Atherstone country, where the Earl of Huntingdon is to be joined by Mr. T. Bouch, who is now hunting a pack in Ireland. The joint Masters are to share the duties of huntsman, and the partnership looks like working very smoothly.

The Master (Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes) and Pack arriving at the Meet of the East Kent Hounds at the 11th Hussars Barracks, where the Hunt Breakfast was given

Will the Polo Matches Come Off?

Polo people are wondering whether the proposed international matches are to fall through this year. The Americans want to play in June or July, and claim that August is out of their regular polo season, but our men naturally do not want to leave England at the time of the Coronation. If the Americans adhere to their determination I am afraid there will be no international matches in 1911.

Racing Notions By Carbine

'Chasing in France

Steeplechasing is more flourishing in France than in this country, and a successful owner can win a great deal more money in stakes there than he could possibly do here. Perhaps this success is largely due to the fact that the French prolong their cross-country sport into the summer. The biggest meetings at Auteuil, for example, are held in June, and for every hundred spectators which we get, say, at a Kempton or Sandown jumping meeting, Auteuil attracts thousands. This prosperity enables our neighbours to make their stakes greatly more valuable than ours are. Here we have the Liverpool Grand National and the Lancashire Steeplechase as two really valuable stakes, whereas in France they have many rich prizes, and plenty of good-classs young horses are put aside every year for jumping. A movement is on foot to establish a summer steeplechase meeting at Blackpool to be held on a very big scale during August. If this comes off successfully, it may have an important effect upon the future of English cross-country sport.

Coming Events

There is every promise that the new enterprise at Newbury, the Services' Meeting, to be held at the end of next week, will be an immediate success. Officers can obtain badges for the club as visitors to this meeting at ten shillings per day from Messrs. Weatherby, and they can secure ladies' badges at the same price. Meanwhile, there is to be an important race for the Services at Hurst Park on Friday, namely, the Naval and Military Gold Cup of £500, which may go to Judas or **Leinster**. Another interesting race will be the Champion Steeplechase, which **Donnington** may win. On the following day **Montreal** should take the February Hurdle Race, and **Smithfield** the Molesey Steeplechase.

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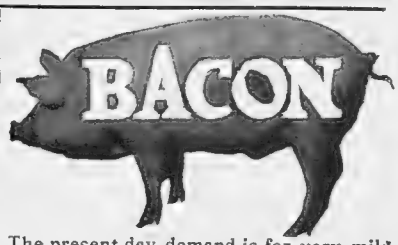

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you have all which goes to make a Bacon agreeable to the most fastidious palate—Mildness in Cure, Uniformity in Quality and Cheapness in Price.

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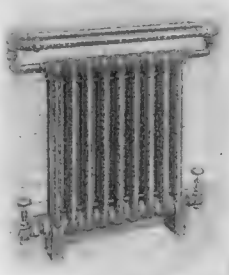

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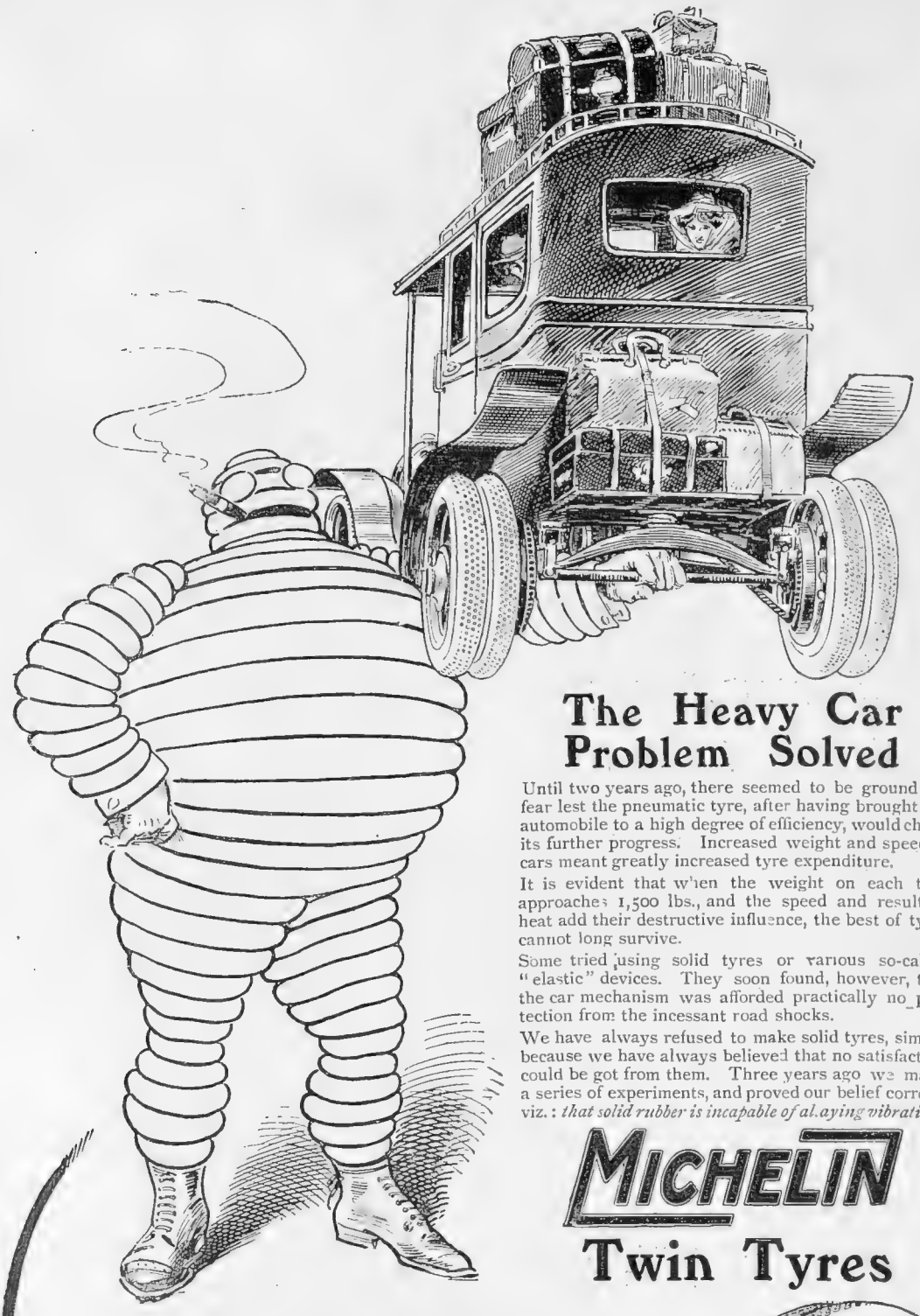

The Heavy Car Problem Solved

Until two years ago, there seemed to be ground for fear lest the pneumatic tyre, after having brought the automobile to a high degree of efficiency, would check its further progress. Increased weight and speed of cars meant greatly increased tyre expenditure.

It is evident that when the weight on each tyre approaches 1,500 lbs., and the speed and resultant heat add their destructive influence, the best of tyres cannot long survive.

Some tried using solid tyres or various so-called "elastic" devices. They soon found, however, that the car mechanism was afforded practically no protection from the incessant road shocks.

We have always refused to make solid tyres, simply because we have always believed that no satisfaction could be got from them. Three years ago we made a series of experiments, and proved our belief correct, viz.: *that solid rubber is incapable of allaying vibration.*

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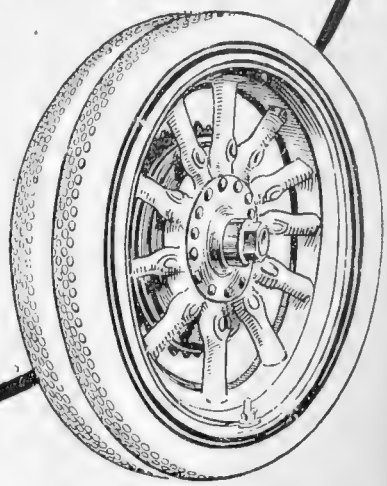


MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Petrol and the Pyramids

A motor race and grand gymkana recently held in the shadow of the Pyramids. This is a further affront to antiquity. The spirit of the Pyramids is, however, splendidly indifferent to the spirit of the car. At any rate, it remains unmoved. The illustration shows the winner of the car race finishing

Toward Unity

I call the views already expressed in these columns to witness that I am *not* in favour ıe present graduated power tax for motor-cars, that the arguments of the petrol-tax advocates e me cold. So far as principle can be allowed in ection with the imposition of any tax, this impost n power and petrol is cally bad — a very py adjective, having gard to the political complexion of the party responsible. In its incidence, as I have shown on one or two occasions already, it is often quite liberally grotesque. That, by way of introduction, will prevent the possible misunderstanding of the few remarks which follow upon the recent recommendations of a joint committee of all organised motor in- The fact that a committee has met at all is a sign that somebody has found grace. If it had met and thoroughly aired the views of the motor movement when Mr. Lloyd George was preparing that famous Budget which has been so variously and picturesquely named since, and if it had seen that its conclusions were officially conveyed by accredited representatives to the proper quarter, there might have been less cause for the dissatisfied bickerings and violent protests which broke out when the Finance Bill was submitted to the House, than there was. I say that, however, without conviction. Any degree of taxation of this special nature would have signally failed to arouse the cordial endorsement of motorists. It could hardly hope for their passive acquiescence. We are constitutionally opposed to most forms of taxation that affect us directly. But we specially abhor the tax that is inflicted upon us with the suggestion (implied) that it has the sanction of our alleged representatives.

Toward Safety in Flight

The Sloan "Bicurve" has already demonstrated its possession of high powers of automatic lateral stability. It is a likely winner in those trials which are specially devoted to the evolution of the safe machine

The Taxes Once Again

In justice to the gentlemen who are supposed to have been concerned with the car and petrol taxes, it has to be admitted now that they had small choice. They counted as quite a negative quantity. Their hands were tied. The complaint, however, is that they were not tied so tightly that they were unable to wash them free of responsibility.

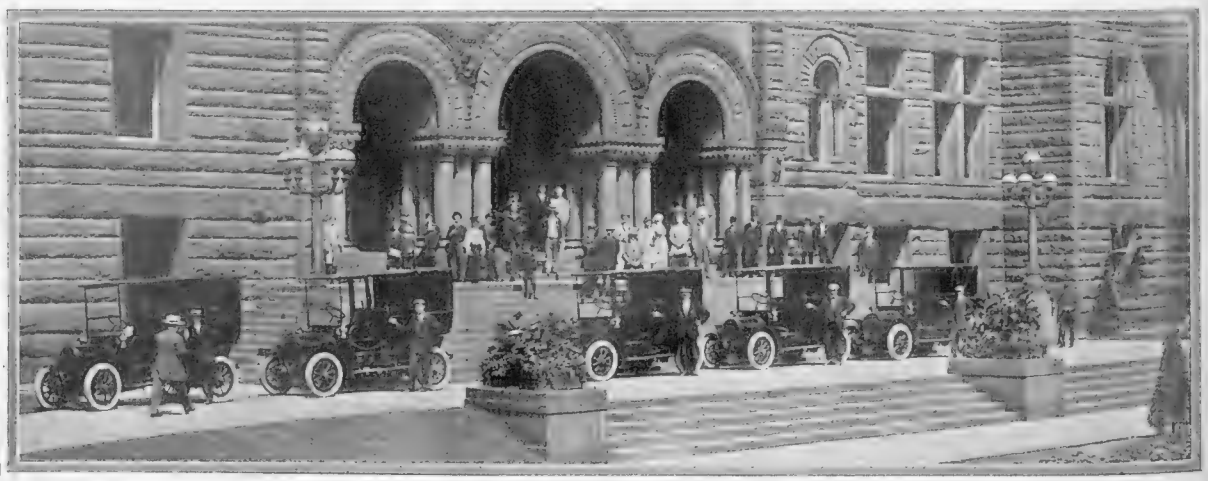
Moreover, their tongues were not tied. They were free to protest and to call a joint meeting similar to the one just held. If that meeting is harbinger of future joint action upon all matters of general motoring concern, we have cause for some satisfaction. If we cannot have broad views from the standpoint of the non-motorist (and there is hardly such a thing as a broad view possible to individuals whose material interests are adversely affected), we can at least have representative views and concerted action. The Committee referred to was made up of delegates from the R.A.C., the A.A.-M.U., the Trade Society, the Commercial Motor Users' Association, and the Institute of Automobile Engineers, and it passed several resolutions. A short time ago its components might have spoken with five voices. To-day they speak with one. That is clear gain. First came a comprehensive affirmation that "no sufficient reason can be shown on general principles for any additional taxation," which means, simply, that the committee cannot conceive the production of a reason strong enough to satisfy its members. Neither can I. If we could only be as sure about the non-motoring elector there would be no advance upon present car taxes for all time. But I am afraid his reasons are not our reasons, nor his general principles our general principles. And, unfortunately, he has many more votes than we have.

The Bristol Biplane in Flight

Captain Wood, 9th Lancers, executing a *vol-plane* above Salisbury Plain. "Bristol" machines are making an outstanding contribution to the establishment of the British industry on terms of equality with the best work of the flying world

The Credit Side of the Ledger

We next have "that the present taxes are oppressive in amount and unfair in their incidence." The last portion of the resolution, at least, is demonstrable. The first portion is not so unequivocally certain. That many motorists feel the burden of the tax acutely is quite true. But as a general proposition we can only deal with the matter on the evidence. We heard when the tax was first imposed that 50 per cent. of motorists would have to give up motoring. The evidence compels a conclusion almost diametrically opposed to that view. I repeat that I am against the present mode of collecting taxes from motorists, but I am obliged to believe that the tax has made no material difference, generally speaking, except to owners of high-powered cars. On the other hand, it has had the effect of further stimulating the perfection of the car of low power. The owner of a 1911 small-powered Argyll, or Daimler, or the latest Straker-Squire (I take the examples at random) has infinitely better value than he could obtain at the same price a few years ago. The difference is not consumed by the extra taxes, nor nearly consumed. We need not make too many concessions to the enemy, but on the other hand we need not beat upon our breasts too lugubriously. The taxes are poor things, but there is a little on the credit side of the ledger. At the worst



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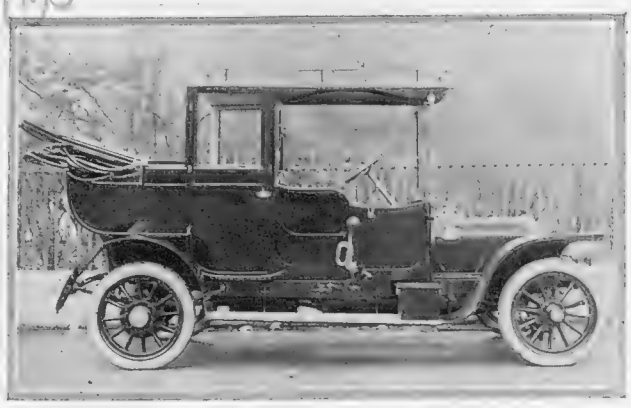
S. & P.

the owner of a small-power car has only to lay the vehicle up for a week or two in the year, and he has saved the difference in the tax. As for the high-power owner, if he is wealthy he remains unaffected. It would take a much heavier sum to influence his allegiance to Rolls-Royce, for example. The only people affected in the high-power class are those who found the sudden demand for a large initial sum irksome. They were doubtless in some numbers under the impression that high power was imperatively necessary to efficiency, as, indeed, it was—once. They have reverted to a small-power vehicle, and discover, I hope in pleased surprise, that they have all they want at half the price. They have retrenched on the transaction.



An Essay in Car Comfort

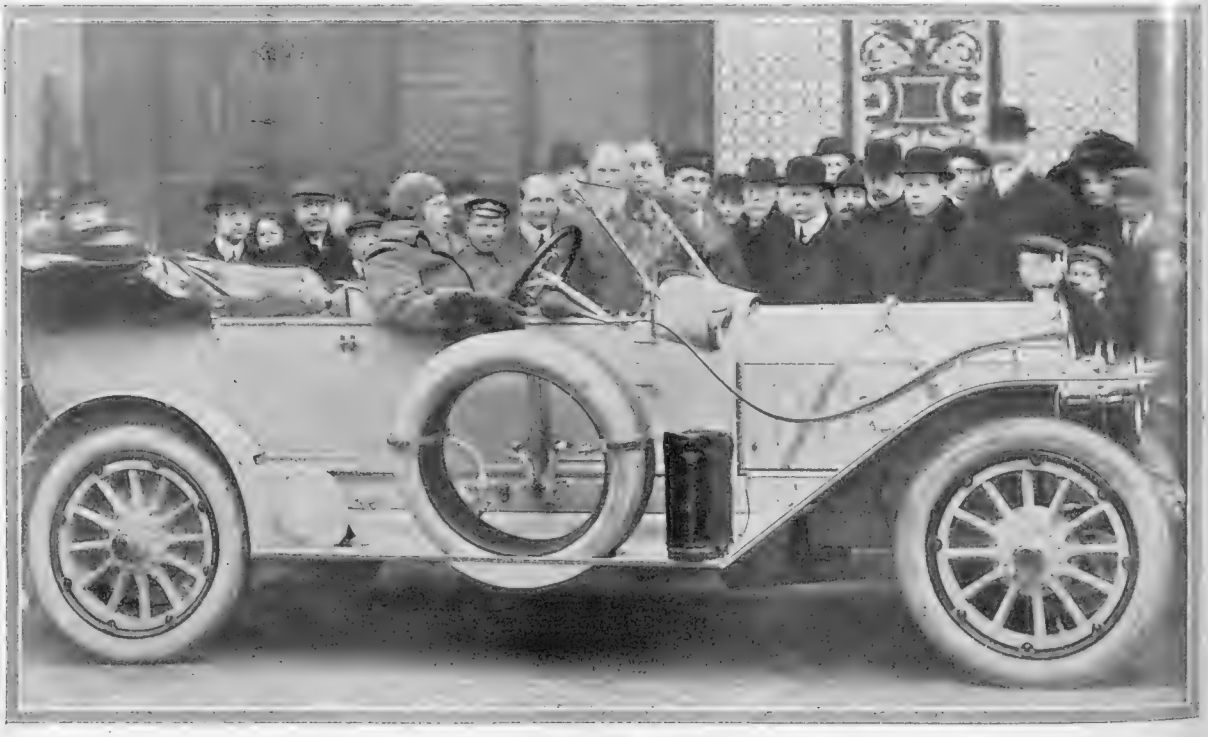
A 22.5 h.-p. Armstrong-Whitworth, with three-quarter Limousine-landaulette body, splendidly devised for comfortable travel, for driver as well as passengers

Sundry Resolutions

The resolution "that it be sought to obtain a reduction of, say, 50 per cent. in respect of cars of four years and over" is good. It is an expression of that absurd incidence to which reference has been made—an incidence which taxes an old nominal 40 h.-p. many sovereigns above a modern "fifteen," which is equally, and perhaps more, efficient. As the Committee forcefully points out, the tax has the effect of making the car unsaleable, and often puts it practically out of use.

"That the petrol tax on motor-omnibuses should be abolished absolutely on the ground that it is contrary to principle to tax one class of trade competitor." Agreed; but not for all the reasons stated. The motor-'bus does not compete with the horse-'bus to-day. The horse-'bus is dead. It *does* compete with railways and tramways; but I seem to remember hearing the railways complain that the 'buses and trams are not labouring under the intolerable burden of local assessments. I have also read of the huge advantage the 'bus enjoys by virtue of its mobility over the cast iron rigidity of the trams. We may as well bear these things in mind.

"Quarterly licences for motor-cars should be granted at one-third of the annual charge." Most certainly. This is one of the grotesques of the present method. A foreign tourist may come in free for a four-months' tour with a foreign or any other car. If he, or a British motorist, buys a car here, he is liable for the whole year's duty, sometimes for only a month or two of use. Several other resolutions and recommendations, all of which go before the General Committee of the R.A.C. for ratification. The great point, however, is that we have come to working sanity between representative motoring bodies. Few copy-book maxims can stand the test of the years, and the years' changing conditions. "Unity is strength" is an outstanding exception. It is as true as ever.



Power for Pleasure

A 100 h.-p. Isotta-Fraschini, supplied by Mr. Chas. Jarrott (in fur cap!) to Mr. Lyne Stephens (at the wheel), leaving the Motor Club for Monte Carlo and an extended Continental tour. Apparently, even abnormally high power is still in some demand for other than racing purposes

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shopping, paying calls, and town work generally, are accomplished with the maximum of comfort when your automobile is fitted with British-made

DUNLOPS

DUNLOP TYRES ARE NOW REDUCED IN PRICE owing to the fall in the price of raw rubber, but their **SUPERFINE BRITISH QUALITY IS FULLY MAINTAINED**

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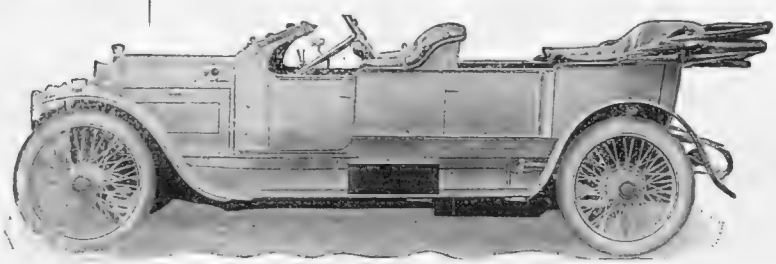

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No other cars have the same power of instantly arresting attention. No other cars combine a chassis so ably designed and carried out with bodywork which can only be described as brilliant.

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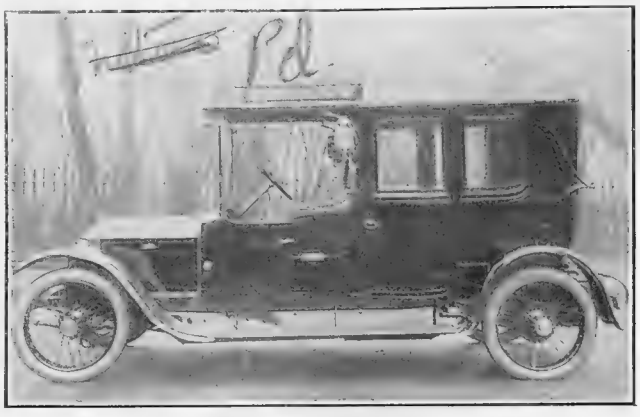
In Compression

Two matters of passing interest and importance from the Automobile Association and Motor Union (I do trust some decision to abbreviate the title may be arrived at shortly — it *is* rather ponderous). First, Mr. Joynson Hicks, Chairman, has addressed a letter to all road authorities in the United Kingdom in appreciation of the efforts of surveyors to enforce the law anent the trimming of hedges, and expressing the hope that before the hedge-cutting season is over special attention will be devoted to the matter and the necessity for the law's close observance impressed upon all hedge owners in order that danger from this cause (a very real danger indeed) may be obviated, and the road made the safer and the more comfortable for all its users. The price of progress and continued utility is eternal vigilance. The A.A.-M.U. pays the price daily in the interests of its membership and often enough of the whole community. Which is fine. The second matter relates to the habit of the gamin in hanging on to the rear of cars and obtaining in that way a precarious "joy-ride." Boys will be boys, but they may also be pests. Again they require to be saved from themselves, as grown-ups from their friends. The Secretary of the A.A.-M.U. hopes, therefore, that motorists will take the trouble, when convenient, to extract name and address from the offending youth in order that legal chastisement may have an opportunity of exercising a deterrent influence.



The Magic Metallurgique

This elegant landaulette of 26 horse engine power has been supplied to His Grace the Duke of Montrose

The 40ft. hydroplane which Messrs. Thornycroft have designed for Mr. E. Mackay Edgar has given the motor-marine to much speculation. Speeds of fifty knots are hazarded. Thornycrofts, however, only have hopes; but, then, Thornycrofts' hopes have often proved themselves as good as the next man's certainties. The skimmer is on *Miranda IV.* lines, and the engine is as the power-plant of *Maple Leaf* of last year. Indeed, one of the motors came out of that boat, but has been improved considerably. A second, exactly similar, will also be installed. We may add our hope of phenomenal speed to that of the designer and—await the result.

For the Manchester Motor Show, which opens on the 17th, Humbers have prepared a particularly comprehensive exhibit. A complete range of their 1911 vehicles, with various types of coach-work, will be shown. The local motorist who missed Olympia will not fail to call at Stand 30 to see what one of our largest and best-equipped factories can produce in automobiles. He will surely not count the effort vain. Humbers are giving us a beautiful little vehicle this year.

DELAHAYE cars may be seen to advantage at 16, Pall Mall, S.W. A satisfied owner writes as follows:—". . . My 9-11 h.-p. Delahaye continues to run excellently, and has given no trouble." —H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

Preparations for Spring

As February draws towards a close, the interest in the garden rises rapidly, and with snowdrops, crocuses, and scillas flowering outside, and primulas, dentzias, azaleas, and bulbs of various kinds in the greenhouse, we have a definite assurance that spring is coming, with all its beauty, and, for the gardener, as much work as he can cram into the hours of daylight. Lawns are unusually soft, and only repeated rolling will get them into good condition. If the grass is getting untidy a lawn-mower driven from behind may be used to cut it at the first favourable opportunity. One of the smaller machines with side-driving wheels would sink in unevenly and pare off the turf. Evergreens may be pruned, though in very cold districts it may be prudent to wait for another week or two, for if sharp frost comes after the buds start the bushes may be seriously injured. It is customary not to prune ivy on walls until about April, when the new growth is just commencing. There is then no interval of bare patches; the young leaves cover them almost at once. If any gravel is to be turned this should be done soon, but the disturbance of a path should be avoided if possible, and, as a rule, it is better to apply a weed-killer, though not within four or five inches of grass, box, or other live edging. Paths in the wilder parts of the grounds do not need to be kept as neat and clean as those near the house; indeed, they often look better for being overgrown with moss.

Polyantha and China Roses

There are some classes of roses, such as the China or monthly and the dwarf polyanthas, which may be pruned now. Both are very much alike in habit, flowering profusely for many months in the year, but the former are more vigorous than the latter. Formerly there were only two or three of them, the Old Blush China and the Old Crimson being the commonest, but there are now quite a number with a wide range of beautiful colours. The dwarf polyanthas are still more numerous. They are deservedly popular, the dense clusters of flowers being charming. Bushy little plants, rarely more than 18in. in height, they are excellent for pots or for edging beds of taller varieties. Some of them are white, others crimson, others yellow, others copper, and there are many intermediate shades. They flower at the extremities of the shoots, and the dead tips should be taken off. That is generally about all the pruning they require. In the China class some varieties grow much more vigorously than others, the Old Blush, for example, often developing into a bush of some size. Such roses are apt to produce rather a dense mass of shoots, and when this happens they should be thinned. Shortening is not necessary so long as there is plenty of space. The weaker varieties need more severe treatment, and in some gardens it is the practice to cut them almost down to the ground every year.

H. C. Davidson.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 376.—Vol. XXIX. Wednesday, February 15, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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Exquisitely positioned on Southern slope of a hill.

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embracing Knockholt Beeches, Elmstead Woods, and the Surrey Hills.

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BUCKS (close to the celebrated Chalfonts, Burnham Beeches, etc.; near EXTENSIVE COMMON, and under 10 minutes from station).—Picturesque RESIDENCE, in Early English style, with oak timbering and floors, leaded lights and raftered ceilings; fitted with all modern requirements, including heating apparatus and electric light. Approached through beautiful Dutch garden. Staircase hall, BILLIARD or LOUNGE HALL with handsome fireplace (all paved with BLACK AND WHITE MARBLE), excellent dining and drawing rooms, study and complete offices, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Gas fires, radiators; Co.'s water. Gravel soil. Electric light. Large heated garage adjoining. Greenhouse, pergola walks, bowling green, herbaceous walk with summer-house, kitchen garden, etc. The whole in perfect order. Freehold for SALE. Handy for golf. Strongly recommended from personal knowledge.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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£2,500 **WILL PURCHASE** the above picturesque old-fashioned black and white FARMHOUSE, full of old oak beams and rafters, and standing in grounds of about

40 ACRES.

2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 3 attics; pretty garden and orchard; stabling for 6; cowsheds for 14; granary, etc.; the land is divided into about 20 acres of pasture and 20 acres of arable. Land Tax redeemed. —Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., and New York. (4,948)

COMMANDING SPLENDID VIEWS OVER THE WEALD OF KENT.

TO BE SOLD, this picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying a high and healthy position, OVER 600FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

Part of the House dates back to 1600, is built of very thick walls, and stands in a WELL-TIMBERED PARK of 90 ACRES, FACING SOUTH. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's water; HOT-WATER RADIATORS.

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2 tennis courts, walled kitchen garden, extensive wood, and meadow-land, in all about 150 acres. Would be divided. — Full particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY 20, Hanover Square, W., and New York. (4,689)

AN ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE, DATED 1648.
TO BE SOLD WITH ABOUT 21 ACRES.

THE ABOVE FINE OLD HOUSE is described in Lyson's "History of Berkshire," and possesses considerable historical interest. It occupies a beautiful situation, conveniently near a well-known BERKSHIRE MARKET TOWN, and stands high up, with views extending to about 20 to 30 miles. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, and ample offices. The hall is panelled, and there are many interesting features, including recessed fireplace and inglenook in the dining room; the stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house, etc.; the pleasure grounds contain some magnificent old timber, and include tennis and croquet lawns, flower gardens and shrubbery, fruit and vegetable gardens and parkland, in all about 21 acres; 2 cottages and farmery, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., and New York. (4,608)

45 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.
3 MILES FROM A MAIN LINE STATION.

THE ABOVE HISTORICAL RESIDENCE,
MAINLY OF THE TUDOR PERIOD,
BUT PARTLY DATING FROM THE XIVTH CENTURY.
Beautiful old panelling, carved staircase, and screen stone-mullioned windows, etc.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, FURNISHED.—The HOUSE is most solidly built, and has been reverently restored in keeping with its character. The accommodation comprises: panelled entrance hall and large inner hall or drawing room with wide open fireplace and finely carved screen, PANELLED DINING ROOM, billiard room, 13 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 3 bathrooms, and complete offices; partly lighted by acetylene gas; excellent STABLING, garage, cottage, etc.; PLEASURE GROUNDS and meadows, in all about 16 ACRES.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., and New York.

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TO BE SOLD, a finely timbered RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 176 acres, comprising a fine old House of

ABOUT THE XVIITH CENTURY,

surrounded by magnificently timbered grounds and parklike lands of 176 acres, through which it is approached by a long avenue of forest trees with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: entrance and inner halls, 6 reception rooms of excellent dimensions, 16 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 7 horses, with coach-houses, etc., and coachman's cottage. The grounds are quite a feature, the large extent of woodlands providing delightful walks; lakes affording boating and trout fishing.—Plan and detailed particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., and New York. (4,442)

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STATION ½ MILE. GOLF COURSE 1 MILE.

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IT COVERS A MOST COMPACT AREA OF ABOUT 290 ACRES,

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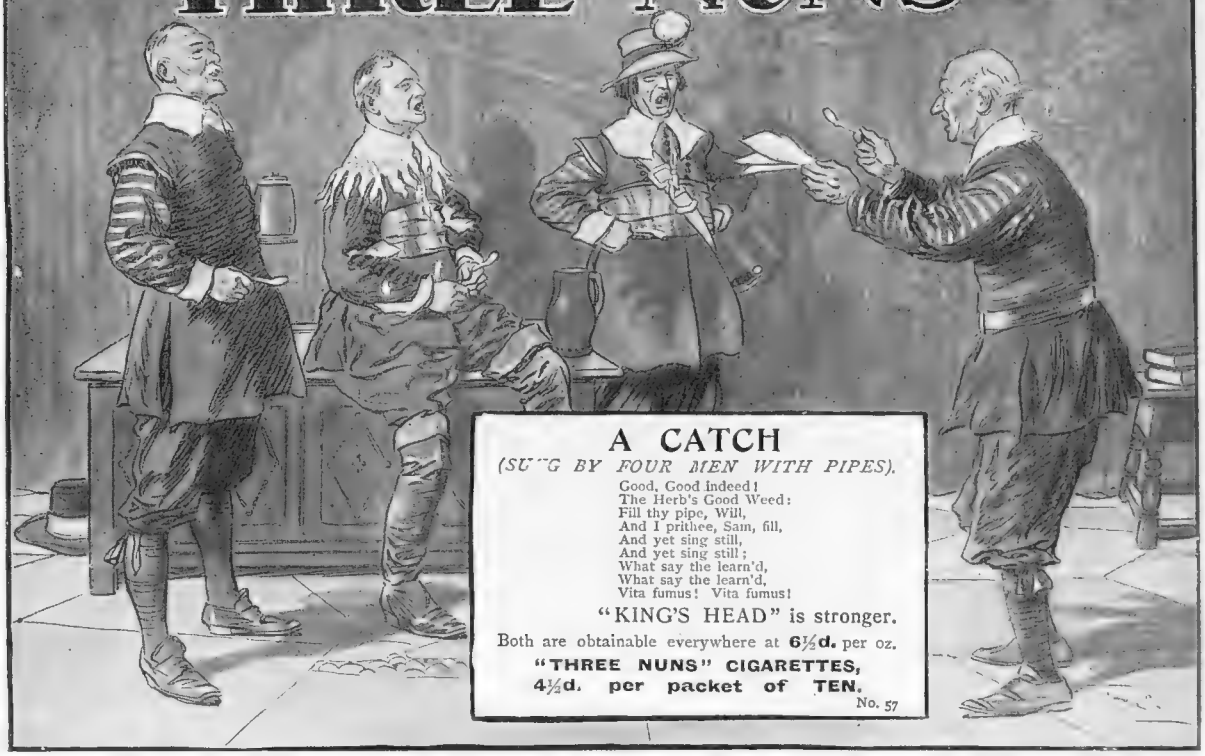

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And yet sing still,
And yet sing still;
What say the learn'd,
What say the learn'd,
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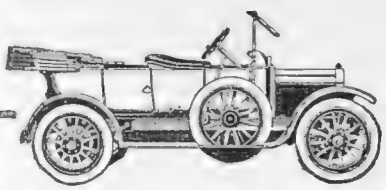

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E.H.G.

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE truce is nearly over. The quietude one usually looks for a good two months after Christmas is fast breaking up. The air is full of suppressed excitement, and the general impression given is that the shopping world is feeling that it is up to them to show the universe things that will not be forgotten. And judging by the send-off, there is every appearance of quite an exceptional season prevailing before the Easter exodus. *Modistes* are quite busy with dance dresses, and one in particular of my intimate acquaintance has had record orders in point of number for superb reception toilettes. Which all points to the fact that, lacking the vote, women in representative quarters are, nevertheless, as busy as their menfolk in forwarding political interests.

A notable feature on many of these beautiful confections is a heavy white lace, which can best be described as a pronounced *point de Venise*. It is appallingly expensive, and, frankly, I am not prepared to defend it on the score of being an artistic success, allied, as it mostly is, with coloured *mousselines*, tulles, and soft satin. However, the elect have ordained it, and in duty bound I pass the fiat on. In this connection it may also be of interest to learn that there is nothing left of the all-round transparent tunic, the demise of which I foretold the sales would bring about. When the scheme chances to be a veiled one, the transparency is nearly always disposed in a broken line. Thus, with an ivory satin worn beneath a delicate mist-blue *ninon*, the latter terminated in front within a short distance of the hem, and was wrought with an exquisite embroidery in small, large, round, and oblong pearls, intermingled with steel, and here and there a large sapphire; while at the back the transparency fell in full soft folds straight from a slightly raised waist-line, and merged into an extremely pronounced square train.

For the Coronation Season

The exquisite and graceful three-piece-costume which, it is anticipated, will carry all before it during the gaieties of the coming time

(SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

Elaborate Detail

It is wholly impossible for anyone to realise, saving only the *couturières* responsible for the execution, and the distraught chronicler of *modes*, the amazing wealth of detail that goes to the consummation of the apparently bold and simple outline. Let there be no mistake about it, there is nothing simple about the dress of the moment, except the appearance. And the cleverness of that illusion is altogether beyond the ken of an intelligence that is not saturated with sartorialism. Here, for example, is a case in point.

A coat and skirt of navy and white pin-striped *foulard*, the coat just covering the hip-line, and missing the figure everywhere. The skirt is cut with a bias seam in front, to which further mystery is lent by a facing at the hem, with the stripes running horizontally, save just at centre-front, where this facing is turned under and sloped to a sharp point at the base, while yet again come two bands either side from the waist, the stripes running perpendicularly. It sounds rather like a jig-saw puzzle, and my brain whirled before such intricacy, whereas the whole

"A Beautiful Form and No More Hollows."

HOW I ENLARGED MY BUST 6 INCHES IN 30 DAYS.

When my chest was flat and my shoulders thin and hollow, I thought that I must have been destined by Nature to go through life without knowing the charm of a full, beautiful bust. I faithfully tried every method I could hear of, but without obtaining any result, and I do not believe I would have ever possessed my present superb development had I not accidentally discovered a simple process which enlarged my bust six inches in thirty days, and wrought a complete transformation in my appearance. If every lady who longs for a beautiful bust could have seen me before I used this remarkable process, and then look upon me again to-day, she would surely feel that nothing less than a miracle could have produced such a marvellous change in so short a time. Yet this same treatment was tried by ten other ladies with undeveloped busts, and the results obtained within a few days astonished the utterly medical and scientific investigators, and in a few weeks each of the ten ladies had obtained a most marvellous enlargement of the bust. Next it was tried by fifty ladies, and the same marvellous enlargement was obtained. Mme. C. Sire, of Montreuil, Bellay, says: "The result that I have obtained from the Venus-Carnis treatment convinces me that it can always be used with success."

This is a simple, easy process that any lady can use at home without the knowledge of anyone, and I am so grateful for what it has done for me that I feel I should reveal my secret to all my sisters who need it. Simply address Margarette Merlain, Dept. 804 A, 85, Great Portland Street, London, W., and I will send you particulars by return post in a plain sealed envelope. Ladies who fear that their busts may become too large should stop the treatment as soon as they have obtained all the development desired.

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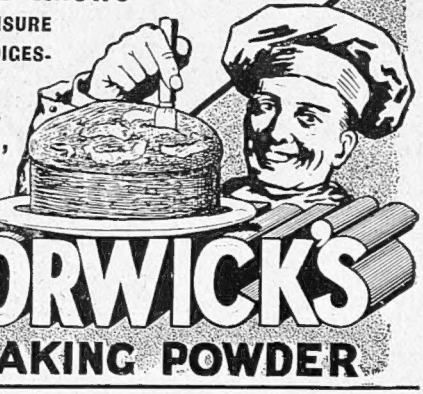

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Women's Golf Shoes: strong English soles, welted and waterproofed.

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For golf on wet days and general hard wear.

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1634

looked superbly simple, this juggling with the stripes being repeated throughout the coat.

And there is yet more. The coat, on being removed, reveals one of the now ubiquitous attached blouses, which are fast ousting, for the nonce, the separate slip. This is of ivory lace, round the centre of which is passed a broad band of lizard-green ribbon, veiled by a Magyar of blue *ninon*, *bretelles* of the striped *foulard* providing the connecting link between the skirt and this elaborate upper part.

For Dainty Débutantes
A charming and effective costume certain to have a considerable vogue
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

The Large Single Rever and Mammoth Frill

An alliance this, one can readily predict, securing an immediate success. The *cachet* of the *lingerie* frill of muslin and lace lies in its exaggeration. Starting from the base of the throat, and well over on the right-hand side, it literally forms the whole front of a corsage, and is so fashioned that it stands out like a pigeon's breast; while on the right side comes the rever, in its way equally pronounced. As a note of distinction to the simple high-waist Directoire frock, the waist defined by a piping or a cord or some equally unobtrusive finish, this rever and great *jabot* is unsurpassed. And in their train there is also being reinstated the high up-and-down Napoleon collar, together with immense turn-back cuffs that on the curtailed sleeves reach midway between shoulder and elbow.

For afternoon wear a black satin gown arranged on these lines is eminently *chic*, the revers and great cuffs, in some colour such as Japan-blue or that cold Empire-green, relieved by *appliqués* of Persian embroideries, together with a *jabot* of pure white muslin, inset and edged with real Irish lace, with an *intredeux* of *bébé* tucks. And as a crowning triumph a veritable Napoleon *chapeau* of black satin, the upturned brim piled high with feathers.

The dress situation has been summed-up in the French aphorism, "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" Probably to the casual observer who just skims the surface of the things this may seem true. And we shall hear grumblings that it is the same tight skirt and same high-waist all-in-one corsage of the past six months. But, as a matter of fact, there is a considerable amount of change, and we are gradually drifting into the more definite Directoire, with the peculiarly adventitious aid of the above-described details. The latter, as time advances, will realise the demand, which is certainly on the increase, of a greater generosity of outline and feminine coquetry exemplified in frills and furbelows.

Picture-Hats Composed Entirely of Lace

Although at the moment the millinery world is headed by toques of tulle and Tagal of a singularly high and narrow shape, the place of honour will very shortly have to be shared by the genuine Napoleon and also great picture-hats of clear lace. The crowns of these latter are nearly flat and quite small, the brim at one side bent downwards, the favourite garniture being roses, arranged in loose, slightly upstanding clusters. For inspiration milliners are studying the portraits painted by Greuze and Vigée Lebrun, and are especially *épris* of the delicate blue and pink colourings of that period.

The Menu: WINTER SALADS

Nut and Celery Salad

Crack some Brazil nuts and cut the kernels into three or four pieces. Take an equal quantity of crisp, cleanly washed and shred celery. Mix together and dress with mayonnaise sauce. Pile in the centre of the salad-bowl, and garnish with sliced tomato or beetroot.

Russian Fish Salad

Flake any cold cooked white fish, arrange it in a salad-bowl, decorate with strips of anchovy, sardine, and chopped egg, also some chopped gherkin and capers. Surround with a ring of cold boiled and sliced potatoes, and pour mayonnaise sauce over the centre. Garnish with chopped gherkin and capers.

Haricot Bean Salad

Soak the haricots for six or eight hours, and then boil them until tender. Leave until cold. Pile them in the centre of a salad-bowl and surround with shred tomato or beetroot and some shred celery. Cover with whipped cream, flavoured with salt and white pepper. If liked, add vinegar to the cream. Decorate with a little coralline pepper, and arrange the beetroot so that it makes a red border to the white pyramid of cream.

Seakale Salad

Boil seakale till perfectly tender, drain it, and cut it into inch lengths. Take care that it is quite dry. Put it in the salad-bowl. An hour before serving pour over some good mayonnaise sauce, and add fillets of anchovy laid on the top.

Anchovy Salad

Fillet the required quantity of anchovies, cut each fillet into two, lengthwise, and arrange in lattice fashion on small glass dishes, garnish with quarters of hard-boiled egg and capers, pour over a little olive oil, and a few drops of tarragon vinegar. Sprinkle with chopped chives or parsley, and serve.

An American Salad

Cut a cabbage into the thinnest shreds possible, season it well with salt, black pepper, tarragon vinegar, finely chopped onion, salad oil, and cream. Mix all well together in a bowl, and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs, strips of tongue or ham, some capers, and sprinkle it well with chopped tarragon and chervil. Emilia.

The New Travelling or Boudoir Secretary

A FREE ONE WEEK'S TRIAL FOR OUR READERS AT THEIR OWN HOMES

EVERY ONE of our readers are to have a free week's trial of the New Travelling and Boudoir Secretary, which is in reality a silver-like Featherweight Typewriter, made of bright and hardened aluminium and polished steel, weighing only about 5lbs.—just one-sixth the weight of the usual office typewriter.

Imagine, if you can, a handy little leather bag one-quarter the size of an ordinary dressing-case and the same shape, and you may be able to form an idea of how all the great actors, actresses, journalists, war correspondents, secretaries, important commercial travellers, and practically all busy travelling men and women are now carrying about with them the new typewriter, the bright and shiny aluminium featherweight Blick.

But why do they bother to carry a typewriter? you may ask. Simply because such people have learned to appreciate its value, not only to themselves, but others, and while it is impossible to write in a quickly moving train with a pen, especially on long journeys, with this New Travelling Featherweight Typewriter their letters or manuscripts can be clearly and speedily written, and by the time they have reached the end of a long and tedious journey they have the sweet satisfaction of a tiresome duty done, done during the moments of leisure and thoughtful reflection, and copies of the letters or manuscripts made to be retained for future reference.

But let us take a look into this compact and handy letter-bag, which has compartments for stationery, stamps, etc. What do we see? A veritable travelling or boudoir secretary, bright, untarnishable, compact, strong, and durable, with all the advantages of the usual heavy office typewriter (which no one would ever think of taking about with them), and many others.

Let Us Examine It

Let us place it on the table of the boudoir or library, where thousands are to be found in the homes of literary men and women, social ladies whose voluminous correspondence occasioned by some charitable work, a large and important household, the study of the clergyman or author. Let us place this modern amanuensis, this aluminium typewriter, on the table and examine it closely. What do we find? Firstly, that there is a complete absence of the messy ribbon, that it takes the same size paper as the ordinary office typewriter, that it is almost impossible for it to get out of order, so strong and compactly is it built (possibly one reason why it has been so rapidly adopted by the Army and Navy). Lift it, and the weight is only 5lbs., just about the same as a fair-sized book.

Now let us try to operate it. By pressing the keys they obey the slightest touch of the finger with lightning-like rapidity, printing at the operator's will any letter or number of letters in quick succession, and there you have a completely written letter that can be easily and quickly read without the recipient having to stumble over a word or stopping to decipher a sentence, which is really most annoying.

Just for one moment picture in your mind such a machine, and you will be able to form some idea of the usefulness of this little machine, thousands of which are now in use by busy travellers, in the author's and clergyman's library (for no one is more dependent on clear, visible writing than a clergyman, especially when he preaches from notes, that the eloquence of the eye may not be disturbed or his chain of thoughts broken), in the boudoir of the socially busy lady, whose secretary or confidential maid can learn to operate it in one hour, in the Army, Navy; in fact, wherever there is writing to be done.

Its Use in the Boudoir and on Train

This New Featherweight Aluminium Typewriter, fondly called by thousands who possess it the "Blick," is doubtless one of the most valuable assistants in the boudoir or train imaginable. It has rapidly found its way into the dressing-case, and, incidentally, into the heart of many who have discovered its usefulness and necessity.

Have One Sent to You for a Free Week's Trial

So confident are the makers that if you see it you will like it, that they will send one of these bright featherweight typewriters to your home for a free week's trial. You can use it as much as you please, and at the end of the week, if it does not fairly fascinate you, if you do not feel the absolute necessity of it, return it, and there is no obligation. You will be shown how to use it and taught its mechanism, which can be learned in half an hour. Then you will only need a little practice to develop the speed of an expert.

If you prefer, you can have a little book telling all about the bright featherweight typewriter by writing to the Blickensderfer Co., 9 and 10, Cheapside, E.C., sent to you first, illustrating the machine. Care should be taken to state whether you prefer to have one with a scientific or universal keyboard, though the scientific keyboard is preferable, it being more simple and easy to learn. Ask for booklet 141. The Company has offices in all large towns, and a male or female expert will be sent to teach you in a few minutes how to use it free of cost and without being obligated to keep the machine.

BLOUSES & VEILINGS

Ladies who wish to obtain blouses and veilings of *exclusive patterns* should visit Madame Sanger's showrooms at 36, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, where they will find an unequalled stock of these articles at prices which are no more than those charged at the "popular" drapers. Madame Sanger's stock of veilings is the largest in London.

M. SANGER, 36, Sloane St.
LONDON, S.W.

The Editor's Box

Under Royal Patronage

His Majesty King George V. has been graciously pleased to become Patron of the London Van Horse Parade Society, the eighth parade in connection with which will be held in the Inner Circle, Regent's Park, by kind permission of the First Commissioner of His Majesty's Works, on Easter Monday next, April 17. In addition to the usual prizes to drivers for care and attention to their horses, long service awards will again be distributed. Entry forms and all particulars can be obtained of the Secretary, 1, Bridge Place, Belgrave Road, S.W.

"Flako"

Washing one's hands with invisible water and imperceptible soap is, of course, a mere figure of speech, but the latest product of Messrs. John Knight, Ltd., brings the latter part of the operation almost to actuality. "Flako," as its name denotes, is a filmy preparation possessing most marvellous cleansing properties. It dissolves instantly in warm water, and is invaluable not only for toilet use, but for washing and cleansing fine laces, woollens, flannels, fur boas, etc.; in fact, as the name implies, its purity is like that of the snowflake, and its detergent qualities, while being quite equal to the Royal Primrose Soap, which has been a household word for so many years, render it unrivalled. If the directions given on the outside of the packets are followed out, it will be found to be invaluable for cleansing

A Recipe for Beauty

Miss Eva Chaplin, who recently won an action in the Law Courts, has toured with Mr. F. R. Benson's companies and played in *Henry V.* and *Macbeth*

all articles that usually shrink in the washtub, and which suffer considerably owing to more or less rough handling. Ladies who like to wash their own laces should at once supply themselves with a few packages of "Flako."

Science Arrests Dental Decay

The demand for Pebeco Tooth-Paste has been phenomenal during the last few months. The fact is, Pebeco has proved itself very much more than an ordinary tooth-paste. One of the greatest of living dermatologists is responsible for its formula, and a week's usage of Pebeco is an absolute revelation. It is not enough to say that Pebeco cleanses and whitens the teeth, that it arrests decay, dissolves mischievous tartar, cures recession of the gums and tones up the entire mouth to a state of perfect healthiness; it does all these things, but above and beyond these, it produces an altogether delightful sense of freshness and "cleanness" in the mouth which lasts for hours. Pebeco is sold in tubes at 1s., but the proprietors will send a free sample tube to any reader forwarding three penny stamps to cover packing and postage. The address is P. Beiersdorf and Co., 7, Idol Lane, London, E.C.

An Acknowledgment

The photographs of *La Pompadour*, which appeared on page 275 of the last issue of THE BYSTANDER, are the copyright of Messrs. Ellis and Walery.

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S. & P.

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Acidity caused by undigested food is very injurious to the system, and gives rise to many unpleasant and sometimes alarming symptoms. A fancied weakness of the heart may be due simply to indigestion.

Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory and Moore, are a simple, harmless, yet most effective remedy for digestive troubles. They absorb and remove acidity, and give instant relief even in chronic cases of Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, etc. Thousands of sufferers testify that they have derived the greatest benefit from their use even when all other remedies proved of no avail. Boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

A FREE TRIAL BOX will be forwarded to all who write, enclosing 1d. for postage and mentioning *The Bystander*, to SAVORY and MOORE, Ltd., CHEMISTS TO THE KING, 143, New Bond Street, London.

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He is said to describe one's life with wonderful fidelity, and will send you a descriptive reading as a test of his ability. The Countess of Kimberley says: "What he told her was excellent." Mrs. Kendal, the great actress, has written to him saying: "You have astonished me with your accuracy. It is marvellous." *The Standard* says: "Without equal." Rub a little ink on your thumbs, press on paper, and send, with your birth date, 1/- p.o. and stamp. DO IT NOW, YOU WILL BE AMAZED. Prof. Kendal, 89, Regent St., London, W.

SALMON & TROUT FISHING.

"DUFF HOUSE"

(The late residence of the Duke of Fife and Princess Royal) is now opened as a First-Class Sporting Hotel.

The Spring Fishing on the River Deveron has now just commenced. This water includes some of the most famous Salmon and Trout Reaches in Scotland, extending from the Moray Firth at Banff Bridge to the Bridge of Alvah, about three miles, and from both banks. The whole of this water has been leased from His Grace the Duke of Fife to the Duff House Company, Ltd. This river is now reaping the full advantage of the nets having been taken off some few years since. For particulars apply, Manager, Duff House, Banff, N.B.

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